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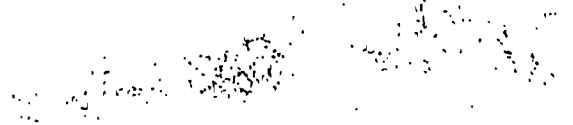

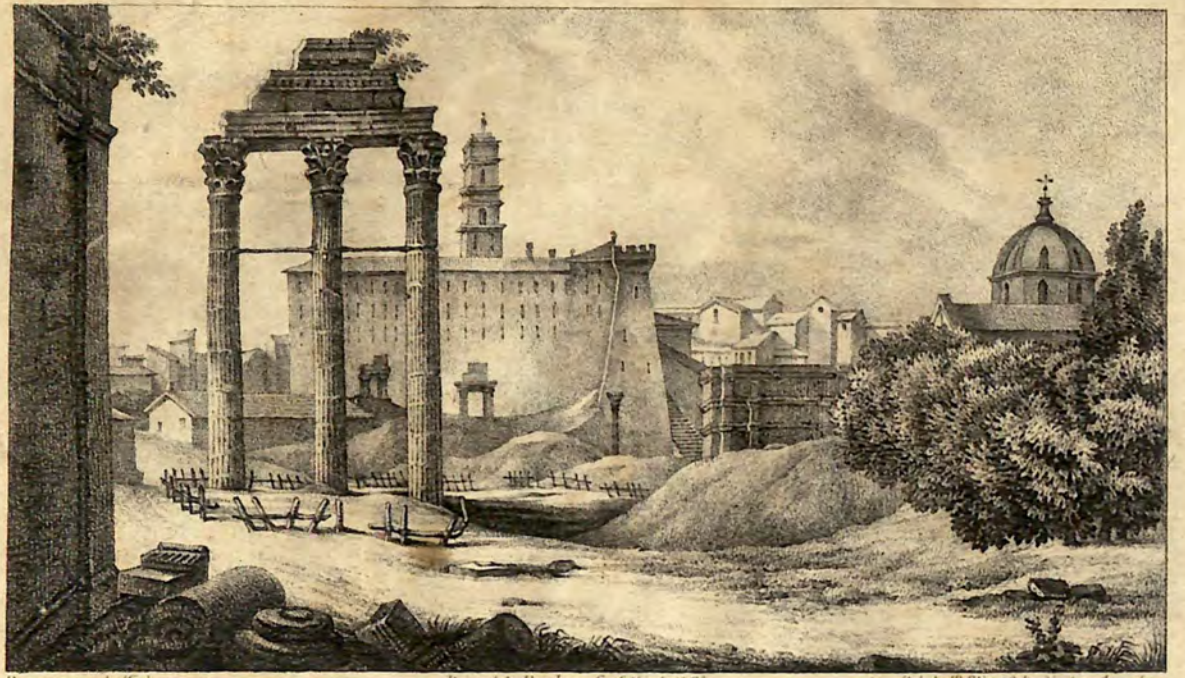

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FORUM

ROMAN TABLETS;

CONTAINING

FACTS, ANECDOTES,

AND

OBSERVATIONS,

ON THE

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, CEREMONIES, AND GOVERNMENT OF ROME.

BY M. DE SANTO-DOMINGO.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE AUTHOR'S DEFENCE BEFORE THE COUR ROYALE AT PARIS,

UPON SOLEMN HEARING.

67960

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Des prêtres fortunés foulent d'un pied tranquille
Les tombeaux des Caton et la cendre d'Emile.
Le trône est sur l'autel, et l'absolu pouvoir
Met dans les mêmes mains le sceptre et l'encensoir.

HENRIADE.

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A FEW ESSENTIAL OBSERVATIONS,

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

A RESIDENCE of upwards of five years in Italy, a considerable part of which was spent at Rome, has given me an opportunity of appreciating the persons and things spoken of by the author of the *Roman Tablets;* and the striking resemblance of his portraits, the accuracy of his remarks, and the fidelity of his narrations, induced me to become his translator.

A work so replete with novelty of conception, depth of observation, and which develops so effectually the religious Machiavelism of the Vatican, in my opinion cannot fail of being both instructive and interesting. The circumstance, of its having gone through *five* editions in a short space of time in Belgium, served to strengthen this opinion. My countrymen will find in it new motives for rejoicing

at the scission between the pure doctrines of the protestant church and ultramontane superstition. I may venture to affirm, that there is no thinking and reasonable being, who, after having read the *Roman Tablets*, will not feel an invincible disgust for a religion, which, by the unlimited scope it allows to human absurdity, has proved to what monstrous prodigies this holy alliance of audacity, fanaticism, and hypocrisy, is capable of giving birth.

The reader will immediately perceive, that, in reciting certain anecdotes, the author has had no intention to offend the most scrupulous delicacy; but that it has been his sole view, in relating these incontestable facts, to give an idea of the effeminate and corrupt state of society at Rome, and to suggest the following reflection: This odious mass of vice and impurity, unknown in other countries, is then the real produce of that religion, which would exterminate all others, and which pretends to be the only pure and true religion that exists!

PREFACE.

THESE fugitive notes, written at Rome on its manners and government, are published with the persuasion, that the smallest information will not be disdained relative to a country, the influence of which on the institutions of Europe every day increases.

Must not every one be curious to know even the most minute details relative to that monastic order *, which, like the hydra, shoots forth innumerable heads on all sides, lopped off in vain by the sword of religious and secular laws; and which reclaimed hordes of savages from barbarism, that it might the more easily conceal its designs of reducing civilized nations to a state of ignorance and superstition?

It would require volumes to enumerate all the distinctions, oppositions, and contradictions, that exist between the religion of Rome

* The Jesuits.

and the religion of the Gospel. The popes modestly entitle themselves *the servants of the servants of God*, while, in fact, they pretend to a supremacy over all the kingdoms of the Earth, and their ministers assume a dictatorial authority over men's minds and consciences. These pretensions once realized, would it be difficult for them to gain possession of men's property also? Unchecked, they would in time become masters of the whole surface of the globe, cover it with convents, and monks would be lords of the soil. The religion of Rome grasps at every thing and alienates nothing.

In pointing out the usurpations of the Vatican, and the ridiculous or revolting abuses of the court of Rome, so far from having had any aggressive views toward true religion, it has been my intention, to hold it up to admiration and respect. The principles I have attacked are evidently opposed to those of the Divine Redeemer. Ought not the Gospel to be preferred to doctrines that are subversive of it, and the crown of thorns to the triple crown of diamonds?

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ROMAN TABLETS.

ASPECT OF ROME.

THE CARNIVAL.

———*Fuit Ilium, et ingens*
Gloria Teucrorum. VIRG.

To the traveller this city presents, at first view, quite a modern appearance: For a short time he forgets where he is, he allows his attention to be drawn aside by the amusements and pleasures of a capital. But after a second examination he gives way to a feeling of pleasing melancholy, to which he has been unaccustomed, and which by degrees concentrates his thoughts; in short, Rome appears to him like Janus, with two faces: the noble features of the one breathe a vigorous old age; the undecided features of the other exhibit nothing to view but youth in decrepitude.

Foreigners generally complain, that Rome is thinly inhabited (it contains one hundred and thirty-five thousand souls): I felt pleasure at finding it so. If the

solitude of these grand ruins has not been respected, at least the silence of them has! Those men, pacing calmly along the streets of this metropolis with an impenetrable physiognomy, appear to be so many thoughts personified, scattered over the domain of meditation; all those ministers of the altar wandering about, adding their mourning to that of the Roman grandeur, penetrate the soul with reverie, astonished at being called to philosophical reflections by a religion which has proscribed them.

If I enter the public or private edifices, I find a still greater tranquillity: on every side study, which the Roman trophies do not allow to remain inactive, is placed before some broken remains of architecture or sculpture; every where fragments serve as models. From every corner of the globe the fine arts send deputations to Rome for instruction, and to bring thence the laws of genius engraven upon the wrecks of monuments; as formerly Rome herself sent deputies to Athens, to make a peaceable conquest of the code of human wisdom.

From adolescence to old age, every eye sparkles with enthusiasm to see grandeur, beauty, and harmony united; every heart palpitates with this intellectual life, which is only to be obtained at the source of venerable antiquity. At the sight of that multitude of artists, foreigners to each other by birth, but compatriots by their love of the fine arts, opposing their labours to preserve what time is insensibly destroying, modern

Rome appears to be transformed into an immense workshop, where they are toiling to reproduce the image of ancient Rome.

If I enter the churches, which are to be met with at every step in all quarters of the town, I find the people, who are exact in all the ceremonies of exterior religion, succeeding each other without noise; silence is only interrupted by the hollow murmur of prayer, and the rattling of the beads of their long rosaries.

In passing through the markets of different kinds, no discordant cries are to be heard, no frightful yells, no importunate invitation to buyers: every transaction is conducted with decency and civility, and a Roman fishwoman will sell the productions of the Tiber with as much politeness as a rich merchant concluding a bargain of several thousands. In short there reigns in all ranks of society an indescribable innate sentiment of human dignity: this forms one of the most remarkable contrasts between Rome and Naples.

THE CARNIVAL.

This repose, this regularity of existence, which invites even dissipation to the cultivation of the mind, and to the improvement of the intellectual faculties, this general calm, is on a sudden interrupted; an edict proceeding from the Quirinal, and posted up in every quarter of the town, declares, that merriment will be permitted and gayety tolerated. Folly's annual repose is disturbed, and it starts from its sleep at the

sound of its own bells. The catholic religion sighs at the sight of its deserted temples, and at seeing paganism with all its retinue re-entering on its ancient patrimony as if in triumph; it is with regret, that religion yields to it an empire of a few days.

The whole population is in motion, all are making hasty preparations for the carnival. The most sedate magistrates meditate only on their pleasures; the pulpit and the bar adjourn their most important affairs; commenced lawsuits remain undecided: all hasten to the masquerade shop, to provide themselves with a new costume and a new face. Many a beauty finds this deceitful exterior advantageous to her, in immolating a few victims to her charms, which without this covering would be thought almost contemporary with the antiquities of Rome. She would rather be suffocated under her mask, than consent to the indiscreet solicitations of one who is desirous of contemplating her delicate features uncovered; but apart from the crowd a young and handsome Lucretia may be seen, proud of the freshness of her complexion, unmasking to a young priest, who is giving her salutary advice; they are making sage arrangements for seeing each other during Lent in divers churches, and thus satisfy their mutual inclinations. A volley of sugar-plums interrupts their animated conversation, and warns them to take refuge among the crowd.

Many a pious personage quits his annual disguise for that of the carnival, and officiates at the altars of

folly: they change their black and scarlet for the dress of a harlequin, and a catskin is substituted for the fur of the ermine. The greater part of them endeavour in vain to provide themselves with a mask equal to that which nature and their profession have given them, and a great number of them add *innocently* to those pleasing errors, the enumeration of which in a few days they are destined to hear.

Benedict XIV, who said to the cardinals a short time before his election, *Sceglicte me, avrete un buon coglione*, (choose me, and you will have a boon companion,) disguised himself once as a quack doctor. He laid aside his cardinal's hat for the costume of a mountebank; he played his part so naturally, that he appeared to have an innate talent for the character. It brought him good luck: he was elected pope.

Let what will happen during the carnival, no scandal is attached to it: an error committed during that season is privileged; no one can refuse to tolerate it. Should a punctilious husband take it into his head, to cavil with his better half respecting a little Christian, which she is about to present him with; if she prove to him, that it was conceived during the carnival, he remains silent, overwhelmed with this victorious argument. In short, the most virtuous woman is liable to a mistake; and it cannot be considered a crime if through oversight she take a handsome mask for her husband.

The carnival is like the famous scapegoat: all the

transgressions committed during this period are placed upon its head. I have been informed, that during the week nine months distant from Shrove Tuesday more Romans are born than in any other week in the year.

About the middle of the day the populace is seen thronging from every quarter of the town towards the Corso.

If some ancient Roman, who has been dead for two thousand years, were allowed to put on the mask of existence for a single hour, and mix with this crowd, forgetful of the past, careless of the future, and intoxicated with the joy of the present moment, what would he think of all this tumult? He would suppose himself in the midst of the Lupercals or Bacchanals; and, deceived as to the present glory of the city by the appearance of its ancient pleasures, he would return and tell Pompey and Cæsar, that their gods were still honoured, and that their dear Rome was still in existence.

As the day advances the multitude becomes more numerous. Two lines of carriages occupy the whole length of the Corso; they have scarcely room enough to go at a foot pace. The space in the middle is reserved for the ambassadors, governors, and senators of Rome. A pelting shower of sugar-plums falls in every direction upon those in the carriages and those on foot: many a combatant leaves the field with wounds which cause a sigh. All the windows and

balconies are decorated with scarlet silk drapery; this gives it the appearance of the festival of Corpus Christi at Paris.

As the sun declines, and when its purple tint is no longer reflected except from the summits of the Coliseum and from the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, the report of a cannon is heard; the carriages quit the Corso; the soldiers range the crowd on each side of the street; bodies of cavalry at a foot pace, then at a trot, afterwards at a gallop, pass up and down the space comprised between the two lines of spectators, who thrust their heads between the soldiers' musquets with eager curiosity. The soldiers repeat a thousand times the admonition not to break the line, but without ever having recourse either to menaces or blows. I have seen, at a moment when one hundred thousand spectators were waiting with the most eager impatience the commencement of the amusements, an Austrian ambassador retard them by parading along the middle of the Corso with his lackeys and his carriage. He appeared to arrogate to himself the honours of triumph, or at least of ovation; as though it was at all interesting for the town which gave birth to the Brutuses, to see the slave of an emperor, followed by subordinate slaves, make the pavement of the Via Flaminia resound with his carriage wheels.

At length the second report of a cannon is heard, which is the signal for the horses to start; they are let loose from the Piazza del Popolo, and, in three

minutes and a half, they arrive at the other end of the Corso, a distance of two thirds of a mile.

A female who has acquired considerable celebrity by her literary productions, but who has observed the moral and physical world through the medium of her imagination (madame de Staël), is astonished at the jealous emulation which these horses, without guide, and abandoned to themselves, display to gain the prize. "*This makes me tremble,*" said she; "*there appears to be a mind concealed under that animal form.*"

If the author of *Corinne* had approached this animal form, she would have discovered, that the burning ardour for glory of these horses was produced by means of a sort of tinder, attached to their flanks, which is set fire to at the moment of starting; they are also barbed with sheets of tin indented, which with their rattling and flapping supply the place of a whip and spurs.

Formerly they were not four-footed animals, but animals with two feet, that ran for the amusement of the people. They obliged the Israelites to get into sacks, and the multitude were highly delighted to see them stumbling and falling at every step. The Jews, fatigued with this exercise, demanded and obtained the favour of having horses to supply their places, on undertaking to pay the prizes, and other smaller expenses. This regulation is still in force under the government of Pius VII. The Jews have

the good sense not to complain of this imposition; if they had the audacity to do so, their conduct in the time of Pilate would be brought to their recollection; they would be reminded, also, that in several countries, particularly in Dalmatia, from Good Friday until Easter the people destroy their stalls, and stone them if they be caught in the streets.

If Christians be liable to an eternity of sufferings because their first parents were disobedient and frugivorous, it is quite just and natural to maltreat those who were deicides, and will not become theophagi.

The eager curiosity for the carnival is such, that priests have been sometimes seen in their surplices, when going to administer the last sacraments to the sick, or to join some funeral procession with their cross and banner, range themselves along the side of the Corso, with all their pious baggage, for the purpose of enjoying the sight of the horse-race.

Shrove-Tuesday ends in a singular manner. As soon as night comes on, every one provides himself with a bundle of small lighted tapers called *moccoletti*. If the carriages that pass be not furnished with them, they are not allowed to proceed; the crowd obliges every one, let his rank be what it may, to light a *moccoletto*.

At the sudden apparition of these thousands of little stars, accompanied with a murmur of pleasure, you would suppose, that an innumerable host of fireflies had made an irruption, and were buzzing in the air.

But, alas! all this brilliancy is only the last spark of the flambeau of pleasure! These confused noises are the last sighs of expiring joy! At a signal given by the police all these meteors of folly are extinguished at the same moment. The carnival is ended.

The amusement of the *moccoletti* is historically interesting. It is a legacy left to modern Rome by ancient Rome, which instituted this diversion in memory of Ceres searching for her daughter Proserpine on Mount Etna; a philosophical allegory of the propagation of life. The Romans of yore thought that the display of innocent joy must be pleasing to the gods: all their religious festivals were accompanied with rejoicings. The Romans of the present day are much more respectable; they chant litanies and say rosaries!

THE ROMAN CIRCLES.

C'est donc ainsi, troupe ingrate et frivole,
Que vous usez de ce temps qui s'envole ;
C'est donc ainsi que vous passez des jours
Longs pour les sots, pour qui pense, si courts !

VOLTAIRE.

THE Romans call their evening societies *conversazioni*. No term was ever more misapplied! The art of conversation, that delicate fruit of civilization, is totally unknown at Rome, as well as at Naples. Go into the most distinguished saloons, you will hear none of those observations, which, gliding over the surface of objects, attach themselves to the most interesting and philosophical parts of them; you will not find that address in following a primitive thought through all its modifications; any of those ingenious touches, which, in discourse, enlarge the circle of ideas; any of those unexpected conceptions, which, in awakening the mind inclined to slumber, provoke that exchange of reflections, that intellectual intercourse, by which the more a person expends the richer he becomes: their language bears the impression of that double servitude, of that political and religious thraldom, which weighs upon their minds and persons.

In the *conversazioni*, that which is least spoken of,

that which they occupy themselves the least about, and which is ranked among the last details of life and social insignificance, is religion. At Rome, a certain illustrious *abbé* might fertilize his ideas upon *indifference in religious matters:* there his theme would become inexhaustible; he would bring forth volume upon volume: unfortunately he would be less read than in France; for it cannot be denied, that of all kinds of food, that which the Romans are the least greedy after is the spiritual. When they ask a stranger whether he have seen the principal objects of curiosity in the city, such as the statues, monuments, &c., the pope is always comprised in the enumeration: *Avete veduto il campo Vaccino, il Museo, il Papa?* (Have you seen the Campo Vaccino, the Museum, the Pope?) They rank the holy father among the antiquities and the masterpieces of the fine arts, because they all contribute in drawing foreigners to Rome, the only people who cause a little money to circulate, and give some activity to the spiritless industry of the inhabitants: for this reason they lamented the rape of the pope, as they did the rape of the Apollo di Belvedere and the Laocoon, and they saw him re-enter the gates of the city with the same transports of joy, with which they greeted the return of the Laocoön and Apollo.

The whole of the pontifical court,—all the priests who aspire to the prelacy,—all the prelates who are candidates for the red hat,—those who season their flattery with the double unction of the throne and the

altar, did not fail to assure his holy majesty, that the joy of his subjects was occasioned by a pure love for his person. Perhaps Pius VII gave credit to all this, because he found it much easier to believe in the love of his subjects than to merit it.

If they speak of the pope in this laconic style, in assimilating him to the objects which support commerce, what can they say of the cardinals? Nothing during their lifetimes: they occupy themselves with them only at their death, in running to see the pageantry of their funeral, which is celebrated with an extravagant pomp, and all the pride of nothingness; for at Rome all is outward show; every thing is done to amuse the eyes and ears. They will tell a traveller he cannot leave Rome without seeing the carnival and the *functions* of the Passion Week, as though they considered them both as masquerades. It appears, in fact, that the object of the ultramontane religion, by the diversion which it affords, is to turn the soul aside from pious meditation, and attach it to the Earth. Among all that immense population, which assembles in the interior and exterior of the church of Saint Peter, there is not one sentiment of gratitude directed towards the Creator of the universe: all eyes are fixed upon the pope, and their thoughts do not rise higher than his triple crown.

If you be desirous of knowing to what degree of insignificance the intellect of man may be reduced, you should see Rome when religion displays all its solemnities.

The first time I went to a Roman circle, I thought I had hit on a subject which was quite the order of the day, when I asked some old women the news of several priests who had the greatest reputation for sanctity, and who were considered the most edifying personages of the city and its neighbourhood: the old ladies looked at each other, as if to ask whether I were an idiot. I did not allow myself to be disconcerted, I related to them the exploits of the pious missionaries in France; I spoke in raptures of the numerous crosses which had been erected, and of the thousands which they had cost. They only answered me with a sarcastical grin. Fortunately a young Roman saw my embarrassed situation, and had pity on me; he took me aside, and observed that sermons and pastoral allocutions did not find currency outside the churches, where all pious baggage was left on quitting them. "We are religious," said he, "less on our own account than to appear so in the eyes of the world; we go to mass and vespers as we pay visits of etiquette to wearisome or indifferent people; there are a great number of persons even who make their appearance at church merely to be seen, it is like leaving a visiting card with their Maker. These practices serve occasionally as passports to licences of conduct, and as a preventive medicine against unforeseen mental maladies."

"That may be," answered I, "with regard to the nobility and superior clergy: but the people at least....."

"Yes, yes, the people——but they begin to reason also."

"Notwithstanding this, a number of shoeblacks and porters are heard every evening reciting rosaries and singing litanies to the images which are lit up at the corners of certain streets, and the passers by stop and join chorus with them."

"That is true; but these men are paid for their devotion by the police. The government thinks, that the more ignorant and infatuated the people are, the easier it is to govern them; nothing is neglected to obtain this happy result."

THE CONCERT.

SIGNOR TARQUINIO.

Traité durement par les coqs, avec dédain par les poules, privé de tous les appétits qui ont rapport à la reproduction, il est non seulement exclu de la société de ses semblables, il est encore, pour ainsi dire, séparé de son espèce : c'est un être isolé, hors d'œuvre, dont toutes les facultés se replient sur lui-même, et n'ont pour but que sa conservation individuelle ; manger, dormir, et s'engraisser, voilà toute son existence.

BUFFON.

As in the familiar conversations of the Roman circles I had scarcely heard any thing but harmonious sounds, I reflected within myself, that if when I asked for ideas they gave me music, perhaps in searching for music I might meet with ideas.

This consideration induced me to go to a private concert. The general of the barefooted Carmelites, the most reverend father *Giuseppe del cuor di Gesù*, had the kindness to introduce me to a Roman of distinction, who often gave musical parties. The assembly was numerous; the greatest calm and most profound silence reigned in it, until the moment they began to prepare for the music. Every eye then sparkled, the blood circulated with greater rapidity, the expectation of pleasure brightened up every physiognomy, which until then appeared to have been struck with immobility; the prodigies attributed to Amphion and Orpheus appeared

to be renewed. Music gives a soul to the Italians, which, perhaps, is not a superfluous gift.

IL SIGNOR TARQUINIO.

"Who is that tall, stout, fat man?" said I to the mistress of the house.

"He is a *musico*," was her answer.

"Pray what is a *musico*?" I demanded.

"A *musico* is a man who is not altogether a man."

"Are there a great number of this sort at Rome?"

"As many as are necessary for the service of the altar and the throne. This is just arrived from Naples: his name is Tarquinio, he is about thirty years of age."

I was very curious to hear Signor Tarquinio. I observed him with attention. He was dressed with elegance, well made, and tall; his features were regular, but without expression; his eyes were large but dull, and gave no animation to his round, opaque countenance. From his manners he appeared to be accustomed to good society. He had the reputation of being well informed, spoke little, and in conversation preserved a sort of neutrality. I examined him minutely from head to foot; a single gesture did not escape my notice: he observed this, and appeared to understand, that he was the first individual of his kind which I had seen. He was in the right, for I had but just arrived at Rome, which is the grand *ménagerie* of his fellow creatures.

From time to time the visual rays of all the women and young girls were directed by stealth towards Sig. Tarquinio. A blush spread itself over their cheeks, and a smile over their lips. He did not appear to be aware of their existence. He placed himself before a piano forte. What did I hear? Heavenly powers! the shrillest tones, the most effeminate accents issued from this colossus: it was the mountain delivered of a mouse. I knew he was renowned for his musical talents; but his singing did not produce in me the least agreeable sensation: his voice was to my ear like those fruits to the taste, which are produced by artificial means, and in doing violence to nature; his melody, divested of all that *morbidezza* which makes the nerves tremble, of that fluidity which insinuates itself into the senses, died without prolonging its last accents, and without spreading any voluptuous charm over the soul. It was rather an instrument than a human voice, and when he squeaked out the word *amore*, it was enough to disgust you with it. In short, this virtuoso filled me with a melancholy sensation, in which the other auditors did not at all participate, they being more familiarized with this species of individuals. Signor Tarquinio was very much applauded. His mournful gravity was not at all deranged by it; all communication appeared to be broken off between him and us; he was in the assembly like a foreign bird among those of the country; like an exotic among indigenous plants. His tender pa-

rents had made him undergo the fate of Narses at eight years of age. All the young girls present, and there were several of not more than thirteen or fourteen years of age, knew precisely what might be expected from him. At Rome they are initiated into the mysteries of natural history at a very early period; not one of them, like the Agnes of Molière, would have asked,

Avec un innocence à nulle autre pareille,
Si les enfans qu'on fait se faisaient par l'oreille.

If they had employed this method of teaching music to the young Tarquin, the lover of Lucretia, said I to myself, when I reflected on the talent of Sig. Tarquinio, the kings would not have been driven from Rome: this shows how much the singing-master, in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, was in the right, when he insisted, that music might have an immediate influence over the fate of empires.

I represented to myself Sig. Tarquinio transplanted into a provincial town in France. At the first sound of his voice, I imagined I should see the mothers, their cheeks covered with blushes, hurrying away with their daughters, and the whole town indignant at so scandalous a scene. The very confessionals would resound with it. But in Italy, and particularly at Rome, the women are not so easily alarmed; nothing gives so much intrepidity to modesty as being in the centre of catholicism.

I heard Sig. Tarquinio a second time: he sung at the mass at the pope's chapel. As in the profane concert I had found a physical dissonance, produced by the accents of the singer, so in the spiritual concert I was struck with a moral dissonance, which was still more insupportable: in the first he shocked my sensations, in the latter he wounded my sentiments. Unfortunate creature! how can he address hymns to the Eternal, to thank him for his favours? Must not each thought be a reproach, each word a complaint against the authors of his misfortune? It was not he, who laid a murderous and sacrilegious hand upon his own person; it was not he who condemned himself, while living, to inhabit with the dead: it was not his fault; they were not his offences, or his crimes, that expelled him from the circle of the creation. All that religious pomp, those altars, those flambeaux, must recall to his mind, that it is to the ministers of that religion to whom he owes his perpetual chastisement.

To cause praises to be sung to the Creator of men and of nature by individuals who have been degraded from the rank of man, and in whom the course of nature has been interrupted, is an idea well worthy of those, who have imagined interdicts, the inquisition, and the sale of indulgences; they have descended, by a legitimate consequence, from the mutilation of the mind to the mutilation of the body.

THE FORUM.

Ces portiques, ces arcs où la pierre fidèle
Gardè du peuple-roi les exploits éclatans,
Leur masse indestructible a fatigué le temps.
Des fleuves suspendus ici mugissait l'onde ;
Sous ses portes passaient les dépouilles du monde.

DELILLE.

THE Forum was to Rome what Rome was to the whole world: who is the traveller on entering it for the first time, with its history fresh on his memory, that is not inspired with profound sentiments of awe and veneration at the recollection of the great events to which this place has been witness! The isolated monuments, that embellish this town, the theatre of Marcellus, and even the Coliseum, only concentrate upon some illustrious men our transitory meditations, which are replaced by the frivolous ideas of the present: but in the Forum the mind is as it were enchained to the past.

That multitude of columns, triumphal arches, and temples, all presenting themselves to the eye at the same moment, appear to lend each other a mutual aid in resisting the efforts of destruction. In other places only the scattered members are to be found of that old colossus, the city of the Cæsars; but in the Forum all the Roman grandeur is still standing, though mutilated

by the hand of Time. Those columns, so solid and so elegant, which support with so much grace and ease their superb entablatures, formed a part of the temples of Concord and Victory. Those monuments, placed near each other, gave the Romans this salutary lesson, that concord, the only strength of nations, is the surest guarantee for victory: thus the Romans made even the stones speak; architecture addressed itself to the senses and to the mind; and the citizens, excited to virtue by the disposition of their pompous edifices, were animated with the double harmony of the fine arts and noble sentiments.

The plough that traced the boundaries of the city of Romulus surrounded only with its furrow the Palatine Mount and the Forum. So that this place, which was the cradle of Rome, has seen it pass through all its gradations of increment, splendour, and decline. Opposite the temple of Victory were the temple and grove of Vesta, which under Commodus were destroyed by fire. In consequence of this calamitous event, the vestals transported to the emperor's palace the statue of Minerva, which, according to popular tradition, was formerly the Palladium of Troy. The Cæsars, by taking upon themselves the pontifical and political authority, avoided those furious and endless wars, which afterward imbrued the priesthood and the empire with blood.

At a little distance are the remains of the temples consecrated to Jupiter Stator, to Julius Cæsar, and to

Romulus. Near the Capitol is the arch of Septimius Severus. This arch, which remains uninjured after sixteen centuries, presents a mass devoid of nobleness and grace: its bass-reliefs in bad taste, and its heavy style of architecture, announce, that the decay of the Roman empire carried with it the downfall of the arts.

Receding from the Capitol, you find yourself at the foot of the column erected to the tyrant Phocas. Beside the base adulation of a corrupt people, this column attests also the polemical fury of erudition. The most able antiquaries had written a thousand dissertations on it; they had heaped volume upon volume in assigning divers origins for this pillar, without guessing the true one; at length the late Duchess of Dev . . shire caused the earth to be removed that encumbered its pedestal, when its inscription confounded all the disquisitions of the learned.

In this place, formerly the centre of Rome, was erected the first milestone, from which all distances were measured on the Roman roads. Round the Forum were numerous statues of great men, who appearing to join in the deliberations of the people and of the senate, gave a grand character of justice and dignity to their assemblies. Here the fate of nations was decided; here the urn of destiny was placed as it were at the foot of the rostrum, which, being decorated with nautical emblems, announced, that the empire of the Earth was inseparable from that of the seas. With what horror must all true Romans have been seized

on seeing the eloquent head of Cicero nailed to this rostrum! its mouth, livid and half open, appeared to say to them: Behold how tyrants reduce the defenders of liberty to silence!

Ancient Rome is no where so much in opposition with the modern city as in this place. Gothic churches, the parts of which taken either collectively or in detail are an insult to architecture, have been erected opposite temples, in which the Greek style displays an elegance and noble simplicity of proportions even in their ruins. In this place, which once resounded with the voice of the orator, mournful rosaries and litanies are now chanted; where formerly noble ideas and ingenious allegories elevated the soul and fertilised the imagination, monotonous and superstitious ceremonies strike the intellectual faculties with superstition and slavery.

And, as though all these physical and moral contrasts were not sufficient, the name even of this place has undergone a strange metamorphosis. Who would have believed it! This Forum, to which crowned heads came from the ends of the Earth, to mendicate the favours of the Roman people; in which nations, condemned to bear the yoke of despotism, bought with their gold the wretched privilege of choosing their tyrant; this Forum is now become a cattle market, after having been so long a market for kings.

I know not what attractive power draws me often towards the Forum at sunrise and at the close of day; but an irresistible instinct always conducts me

thither, when the full Moon, by projecting the broad shadows of the Roman monuments, multiplies their picturesque effects: this melancholy orb, which scatters its pale rays over the silence of these ruins, appears to be the funeral torch at the tomb of antiquity.

What man, in the midst of this vast nothingness, can nourish the illusions of pride, and believe himself something! It is here, that the imagination invokes the shade of old Rome; here at each step you strike your foot against the capitals of pillars, that pierce the ground like plants, and seem to protest against oblivion.

Here every thing tells you of the grandeur of the Romans of old, and of the stupid abjection of those of the present day; here may be seen the struggles between popery and paganism: in the Forum, the latter was prodigal of its temples dedicated to the gods and to deified kings; the former has been still more profuse in its churches dedicated to Maria, the saints, &c. A number of them were formerly pagan temples, converted by adding a steeple to them.

How could this religion, which has carried its intolerance even to inanimate objects, so easily adopt these proscribed edifices? Was it not an act of barbarism, to disfigure the magnificent temple of Antoninus and Faustina, by that ridiculous and fantastical construction, which has metamorphosed it into a church dedicated to the saint, who is the patron of apothecaries?

That multitude of temples dedicated to the saints of ancient and modern date, is it not a manifest trans-

gression of the first and second articles of the Decalogue? When we see in these temples the altar of the saint a hundred times more ornamented than that of the Most High, what inference must be drawn from it? In the church of Jesus, the great altar is nothing compared to that of Ignatius di Loyola. Building temples and dedicating altars to mortals, is it not adoring them? Can there be a stronger characteristic of idolatry, than in bending the knee at the foot of their statues, to implore their aid and their favours? What did polytheism do? It adored causes: Catholicism adores effects. Ancient Rome prostrated itself before the attributes of the Divinity; modern Rome before the attributes of men. Let them no longer hold up as a matter of reproach the apotheosis of the emperors, which they themselves treated as a jest: Vespasian for instance, who said when dying, *I feel that I am becoming a god.*

The political parties, embittered against each other, and carrying on a continual war of opinions even after they had laid down their arms, erected temples to their respective chiefs. But this apotheosis was never sanctioned by the nation; the partisans of Pompey never went to adore Cæsar in his temple, and *vicè versâ.*

It is very different with the popish saints: all of these, without excepting saint Bernard, who promised acres in Heaven to those who gave him their acres on Earth: or saint Gregory, the incendiary of the libraries of the Capitol and Palatine, which were filled with the

masterpieces of antiquity; or saint Dominic, founder of the Inquisition; or any of the saints, that have been made or are to be made by the order of the Jesuits: all of them, I say, receive the united homage of the whole of the followers of the religion of Italy; they have built and dedicated temples to them, more sumptuous than to the Almighty. What church can be compared to that of the apostle who denied his master?

In the Forum are the majestic columns of the temple of Jupiter Tonans: certainly no temple of the subordinate gods can be compared to that of the sovereign of the gods.

I acknowledge, that the divinities of paganism were very numerous; but as they were destined to represent all the physical and moral causes, there was a hope of the list of them being closed: the list of the canonised Papists on the contrary is interminable; before long the surface of the globe will not suffice to build temples for the whole of them, for there would be an uncivil partiality in refusing the furniture and lodging to one which is granted to the others. Have not saint Polycarp and saint Cucufin as much right to a steeple as saint Ladro?

This infinite number of churches is one of the most efficient causes of the decay of the religion of Constantine: this is the name I give to the religion of Rome, the maxims and practices of which are diametrically opposed to the religion of the Gospel. The latter is

the friend of the people, and the consolation of the poor; it occupies itself with clothing and feeding them; every where it proclaims the principles of equality, and of a sage liberty; it commands a contempt for riches, and makes this contempt an indispensable condition of salvation.

The religion of Rome, on the contrary, considers all nations as large flocks, that are to be shorn and devoured according to the good pleasure of the shepherds. For Popery, the golden lever is the lever of Archimedes; the favors of the church are granted only to those who pay for them; with money may be bought the right of perjury, of assassination, and of being with impunity the greatest of villains at so much per crime, according to the famous tariff printed in the holy city, intitled *The tax of the apostolic chancery.*

Christ declared, that his kingdom was not of this world: his vicar has arrogated to himself the possession of a terrestrial kingdom, with the prerogative of disposing of all the kingdoms of the Earth. The first said, *there shall not be among you either first or last:* the second has answered him by creating a religious hierarchy, which has introduced all human vanities into the temple of the God of humility. One has for motto, *the altar and the cottage:* the other has written upon his standard, *the altar and the throne.* The former gives kings to the people; the latter gives the people to kings. In short upon the head of the Redeemer was placed a crown of thorns, but a triple crown of

diamonds glitters upon the front of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Is it astonishing, after reflecting on the contradictions and a thousand other anomalies that exist between Popery and Christianity, that England and a number of other enlightened nations have seen Antichrist in the Pope? I beg pardon of his holiness, but at first I was inclined towards their opinion; and my residence at Rome has confirmed me in it.

All the branches of administration show the sloth and selfishness of this theocratical government; the Forum in particular attests its negligence; the unevenness of the ground calls for a removal of the rubbish, by means of which a number of antiquities would be discovered, that lie buried a little below the surface. Rome only asks to issue from its ruins; but a powerful voice must cry out to it, Arise and shake off the dust of the tomb!

THE PUPPET SHOW.

D'un long tube de bronze aussitôt la mort vole
Dans la direction qui fait la parabole,
Et renverse, en deux coups prudemment ménagés,
Cent automates bleus à la file rangés.

VOLTAIRE.

At Rome there are two sorts of automatons, that never expose their lives to danger: the first are only a few inches high, the others are between five and six feet. But as sense makes a jest of corporal stature, the conversation of the Lilliputian automatons is interspersed with sharp and lively sallies; they direct their shafts pointed with wit and satire against the oddities and vices of society; their action is as expressive as their diction is varied.

The great automatons, on the contrary, never occupy the public but with gloomy and monotonous objects; their intonations and pantomimes are eternally the same. Among other singularities, however, they offer to the curious that of never laughing, and of being as laughable as their little brethren whose gaiety is so frequent.

In each of their theatres there is a competition between the actors for originality and whim in their costumes. Among the great puppets, the decorations are more expensive, there is more pomp, and above all

more intrigue: among the little puppets, there is more dramatic movement, and more vivacity of action.

The first are drawn in gilt chariots, and they are assured of living sumptuously for the future: the others go on foot, and live from hand to mouth. Public opinion, however, is divided as to their respective merits: some people exalt the *Burattini* to the skies, others prostrate themselves before the great puppets.

As order is necessary in our pleasures as well as in our occupations, we will begin by the play of the *Burattini*.

I went thither: nothing can be more cheerful or more animated than the aspect of this theatre; all the places were taken immediately; and, if music had not formed a part of the amusement, the audience would have taken possession of the orchestra, where there was an enormous bass-viol, some violins, and other instruments. I was surrounded with joyful countenances; all were sure of finding pleasure; how eager did they appear for the drawing up of the curtain. Let us first take a survey of the assembly. I observed some personages, whom fortune had carried suddenly to the summit of her wheel: such as huxters, barbers, &c., who transacted business in the open air: there were even some who kept shops that were not portable. All these upstarts, desirous of separating themselves from the vulgar, and who appeared to have taken for their motto, *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*, (I hate the uninitiated mob, and spurn them from me,) occupied the

boxes: they considered it incumbent on them to appear less gay, and the struggle between merriment and pride was very evident on their physiognomy. A fat market-woman, covered with a Leghorn hat rather dirty, gave me a disdainful glance because I was seated in the pit. To console myself for this contumely of grandeur, I entered into conversation with a girl of sixteen, elegantly dressed in her Sunday bodice; on her right were five of her sisters, with the difference of but one year each in their ages; next was the mother, a young woman of thirty-two, and very handsome. She smiled at me with grace on observing that I noticed her family, and really this little brood, breathing joy and health, would have served as models for the pencil of Raphael. The father, in the vigour of age, finished the picture; he looked at his children with an air of satisfaction, his open countenance portrayed contentment. I was immediately made acquainted with all their family affairs: he followed the occupation of frying fish in the open air; his wife mended old chairs; and all the daughters, even to the smallest, assisted their mother; some of them picked the straw, others prepared it, and the rest twisted it: "for no person in the house is idle," added the eldest daughter.

On a sudden all eyes were directed the same way: the performance commenced. I was not deceived in my expectations: the actors played their parts with a great deal of order and precision; no one was disposed to hiss them; the movements of the little automatons

were so rapid, and their action so correct and expressive, that they appeared to be animated. They represented a comedy, which is played at one of the great theatres at Rome: they caricatured the bad actors, in imitating their diction and gesticulation. Thus these puppets act as critics, and serve to correct the faults of the great theatres. On the curtain was this motto: *Dilectando discitur*, (we please while we instruct). After the comedy there was a ballet very well executed. A theatre of puppets would be very useful at Paris, to serve as a school of correction to the actors of the great theatres; they would not want occupation, if they represented all that is comic in the acting of our tragedians; and they would soon be in great vogue, if they had talent equal to those of Rome. Is it astonishing, that they should have arrived at so great a degree of perfection there? Has not that city always had the art of peopling the universe with passive beings, to which it has attached imperceptible threads for moving them at will? These threads, it is true, begin to break; but it has required extraordinary exertion to make them last so long.

THE ACADEMY OF ARCADIANS.

C'est ce petit auteur, de tant de prix enflé,
Qui, sifflé pour ses vers, pour sa prose sifflé,
Tout meurtri de faux pas de sa muse tragique,
Tomba de chute en chute au trône académique.

GILBERT.

THERE are nine academies at Rome. That of Arcadians is the most celebrated among them, and is, in the opinion of its members, the first in the world. But when we consider, that it receives into its community persons of the most ordinary education, even the middling classes of tradespeople who understand the measure of cloth much better than the measure of verses; if we examine the nature of the labours of these academicians, who assemble on the great festivals of the church to recite sonnets of their own making on religious subjects, it will appear, that the academy of Arcadians is a caricature of academies in general. We recollect, in spite of ourselves, that Arcadia was renowned for producing a great number of those four-footed beings, for which the god of harmony has the greatest horror.

Foreigners of distinction and travellers of all sorts have generally the ridiculous ambition of getting themselves enrolled among the members of this academy. The president, who is called the *custode*, sends them a

diploma of *supernumerary Arcadian;* and he takes care to let them know, that the *minimum* of the retribution is ten sequins for the support of the establishment. If the candidate show himself generous at the reception of the first diploma, a second is immediately despatched to him, which declares him a shepherd, *a titulary Arcadian,* at the same time baptizing him with some pastoral name, such as Thyrsis, Lycidas, &c. I was joking one day in presence of an Englishman on the foolish pride of foreigners, who sought with eagerness the trivial honour of belonging to this academy; and I calculated what this indirect impost levied upon the vanity of travellers might produce per annum. The Englishman in listening to me sighed heavily.

"What is the matter with you?" said I: "you appear grieved."

"Not without reason," answered he: "it has cost me twenty guineas to graze in Arcadia."

Perhaps this raillery will be considered misplaced, or inspired by a secret spite at not being invested with the title of member of that illustrious body. This is not the case, for I am myself an academician. The prelate Riario Sforza, master of the chamber of the Holy Father, now a cardinal, expected to give me an agreeable surprise in having me nominated member of this *learned society* without my knowledge. I wished to excuse myself, as being unworthy of the honour. The *custode* answered: *Dignus es intrare in nostro docto corpore* (You will be an ornament to our body). He

maintained with intrepidity, that I was profoundly learned: he appeared so sure of the fact, that he would have almost persuaded me, if I had not been convinced of the contrary. I received my diploma, and thinking that I was sufficiently entitled to it by my science and erudition, I dispensed myself from offering the usual fees. The cheese did not fall from the crow's beak; the old fox, with his tail between his legs, has without doubt recanted his opinions. I should have been very curious to have heard him: I am convinced, that he now considers me as the most ignorant shepherd of Arcadia.

Yesterday I was present at one of the most solemn assemblies of this academy. A small room, ornamented with old ragged tapestry, to which were attached some old family portraits rudely painted, contained all the spectators. On the first row of seats were two cardinals, displaying their scarlet stockings, faces, and skull-caps; they were sitting on arm chairs of the same colour; behind them were some ladies; the remainder of the benches were occupied by the vulgar, such as monks, priests, tradespeople, &c. A few planks badly joined, and raised about a foot above the level of the room, formed a sort of stage, where the president of the academy was pedantically sunk into a large arm chair before a table with two small candles, the pale rays of which gave his long physiognomy a spectre-like appearance. On his right and left were two ranks of individuals in ecclesiastical habits: this mournful garb completed the sepulchral appearance of the place.

"Where are the shepherds of Arcadia?" I demanded of the person next me.

"They are on the right and left of the president."

From the specimens these shepherds gave of their taste and genius, I soon perceived, that they had sufficient motives for being in mourning. One of them, with a paper in his hand, rose as though he had been lifted up by a spring; with a squeaking voice he commenced: *La Nascita del Divino Redentore, sonetto.* (The Birth of the Divine Redeemer, a sonnet).

After having droned out his verses to the tune of the *de Profundis*, a second succeeded him, then a third, and so on to about thirty of them, some in a bombastic, some in a whining accent, but always harping on the same theme, *la Nascita del Divino Redentore.* A shower of sonnets fell on all sides, and nothing but sonnets, which all resembled each other by their monotony, vague descriptions, and the absence of ideas and sentiments. But a certain priest, named *Biscnte*, attained the sublime of ridicule. After having depicted the beauty of the firmament, the joy of the shepherds, and the raptures of the angels, he exclaimed: "Contemplate, O Christians! the oxen, lambs, and kids, which have divested themselves of their natural ferocity at the feet of the celestial child of Mary."

At the end of this academical meeting, I was witness to a singular altercation of courtesy: the president, or *custode*, who is about sixty years of age, approached one of the cardinals cautiously, and on a sudden seized

his hand with the intention of kissing it; the prince of the church, who was scarcely in the autumn of life, modestly objected to his hand being kissed by a man stooping with age; he attempted to draw it from him; the other refused to let go his hold, and they continued tugging at each other. "Well," said his eminence, "I will take your hand, to assist you in mounting the steps of the theatre." The intrepid kisser pretending to yield, suddenly seized his prey, and precipitating himself on the right hand of the cardinal, he kissed it and rekissed it in triumph at having gained the victory.

CARDINAL DORIA.

La mort ne surprend pas le sage:
Il est toujours prêt a partir,
S'etant su lui-même avertir
Du temps où l'on se doit résoudre à ce passage.
Ce temps, helas! embrasse tous les temps.

LA FONTAINE.

"*Presto, via* (hasten, be quick), *signor Francese*," exclaimed the monk Antonio Bonvicino, as he entered my room; this was a shod Carmelite, with whom I had made acquaintance at the Capitol, where he resides, and who had offered his services, to show me what was curious at Rome.

"What is the matter?" said I. "What curiosity are you going to take me to now?"

"Cardinals do not die every day," answered he; "and for a traveller like you, who are desirous of knowing our customs, it is a piece of good fortune to be at Rome at the time of the funeral of an eminence. Cardinal Doria is dead: return thanks to Providence for having granted you such a distinguished favour: let us get there before the crowd hinders us from entering his palace; his body is already lying in state."

I prepared myself immediately, and put myself under the guidance of the reverend father.

"What ceremony," said he on our way, "is used in France before and after the decease of a cardinal?"

"I do not know; I can only tell you, that cardinal Dubois attached a great importance to it. When he was on his death-bed at Versailles, he was told it was urgent for him to receive the last sacraments. 'Go to Paris,' exclaimed he; 'prepare the necessary pomp; the real presence cannot be received here without undergoing all the laws of Roman etiquette.' While they were making these preparations, his soul quitted its tabernacle; and the holy wafer, on its arrival, found nobody within."

This misfortune did not happen to cardinal Doria: there was no want of ceremony: it is true he was at the fountain-head of it. His last sigh left him under a suitable escort, and he had the satisfaction of dying in all the rules of the Romish church. His body remained several days exposed on a magnificent couch of state; triple masses were said for the repose of his soul, at three altars erected in an adjoining room. There was not a very great concourse: the people at Rome are so much familiarized with the sight of the cardinals, that they let them live and die without paying attention to them; and let them do what they may, they are never encored, as the pope was at Paris when he gave his benediction.

The cardinal's head was uncovered: it appeared, that death had respected his countenance, upon which there remained the traces of thought, as after the sun

is set a tinge of its rays is seen in the sky. His features were regular and noble; they were worthy of the great name of Doria.

" He must have been a man of wit and genius," said I to my companion the Carmelite.

" He never suspected himself of having either," answered the monk.

" He was then a man of profound erudition?"

" He had not the least pretension to it, as you may judge from the following fact. An ambassador once addressed him in Latin: the cardinal made him no answer. A confidential servant told him, that the ambassador appeared mortified at His Eminence's remaining silent when the ambassador spoke Latin to him. ' He has been speaking Latin!' said the cardinal with surprise: ' why did not you tell me so sooner?' "

" I understand: he was a man of excellent judgment and profound penetration, a sagacious appreciator of men and things."

" He never had a shadow of such a reputation."

" What was he then?" said I, impatient at receiving so many negative answers.

" He was . . . . . why, he was a cardinal."

" An excellent explanation! Well, without having any pretension to a knowledge in physiognomy, I maintain, that, if cardinal Doria's thinking faculty were very little in action during his lifetime, he has made amends for it in his last moments: when on the point of closing his earthly eyes, his intellectual eyes were opened: Death, in approaching his bed, must

have introduced unusual light into his mind—the point of his scythe must have stimulated his genius."

"With God, all things are possible," answered the monk.

The next day, a young prelate, over whose head the cardinal's hat was suspended as it were by a thread, offered me a seat in his carriage to see the funeral procession of His Eminence: I accepted it. In the evening we went to the piazza di Venezia. In a short time a great brilliancy, from a thousand torches, announced to us the approach of the procession. The young prelate threw himself back in his carriage. "It is not decent," said he, "for one who aspires to the cardinalship to show too much eagerness at this ceremony." Two ranks of lackeys opened the march: the first carried under his arm the umbrella of the defunct—this is an honour granted by funeral etiquette to the first valet de chambre; the other servants did not carry any thing. Is there any allegory attached to this closed umbrella? Does it signify, that the defunct now inhabits a region, the serenity of which is never troubled by the smallest tempest, and that he can in consequence close his umbrella for ever? Or is it that he can no longer shelter himself from celestial justice? If I consult the doctrine of the church, I shall find more fear than hope in this symbolical figure of the umbrella. Is it, in short, an allusion to the simplicity of the primitive church, to those times when cardinals did not rival the princes of the Earth in luxury and vanity?

We expected to have seen the cardinal's face unco-

vered, but from his mortal remains having been so long exposed on the bed of state, it was found necessary to enclose them in the coffin which was placed nearly on end in the middle of a carriage, in which four priests were singing and reciting prayers. If an accident had happened to the car, one or two of those inside must certainly have been crushed by the coffin, and the fable of La Fontaine, *le Curé et son Seigneur*, would have been verified.

It must be allowed, that the funeral ceremonies of ancient Rome were more noble and more pathetic than those of modern Rome. The ancients were of opinion, that man separated himself from existence, as ripe fruit detaches itself from the tree. They said, *He has lived*—a consoling and delicate way of expressing themselves, which signified, *He whom we are regretting has fulfilled all the duties of life, and has tasted the sweets of it.* They did not believe, that his last sigh was the end or even the interruption of his destiny, but a transition to another state. They did not compare their fellow-creature on quitting this Earth to an extinguished torch, but to a planet, which in its orbicular course loses only for a time the light it borrows from the Sun. The ingenious system of Pythagoras either revealed great truths to them, or lulled them with poetical and flattering illusions.

The mournful retinue, the pompous decorations of wo, the mournful chant, with a thousand other disgusting details, as revolting to good sense as they are

barren to the imagination, which accompany the catastrophe of the drama of life among the moderns, appear destined to increase the horror with which our destruction inspires us. The object of the funeral solemnities of the ancients was, that they might behold without terror the inevitable term of their existence: they introduced a great deal of urbanity into their ceremonies; they lived as it were amid the shades of their departed friends and relations; no idea of repugnance or danger disturbed the pleasures of this intercourse; with the exception of their ashes, they restored to the elements the mortal remains of those departed, but they preserved their memory. We preserve the body, but destroy the recollection of it. They frequently talked of the deceased. We are not content to suppress as importunate any conversation or thought relative to those who are no more, but, after having paid them a small tribute of tears, we in a short time treat them as though they had never lived, and we leave to our crapes and sable finery the care of testifying our regret and affliction.

THE FLAGELLATORS.

Laurent, serrez ma haire avec ma discipline,
Et priez que toujours le Ciel vous illumine.

MOLIERE.

THE pious exercise of flagellation, to which are attached plenary indulgences, takes place three times a week in the church of Caravita, situate near the Corso, not far from the piazza Colonna. Caravita was a good father Jesuit, full of solicitude for the welfare of his penitents, as were all his brotherhood. This monk, a man of keen observation, had remarked about his devotees a sort of lukewarmness, an apathy accompanied with spiritual loathings, which, benumbing their zeal, turned them aside from the conquest of Heaven. After having prayed to Saint Ignatius di Loyola, that he might suggest to him the means of stimulating the ardour of the faithful, Caravita fell into a trance, and his patron, whose spirit never ceases to hover about the confraternity, suggested to him the ingenious idea of causing flagellation to be administered to the bodies of those pious souls, for the purpose of keeping them in action, and to prevent them from loitering on the road to salvation.

The monk, like a prudent Jesuit, tried his specific upon some young pupils confided to his care. Its success surpassed his expectations, and quite inflamed

with a transport of beatitude, he extended his plan: his ideas being exalted, and his imagination becoming more and more fertile, he was desirous of having his name immortalized by being contractor general for flagellations, consecrating a temple to that pious work, attaching indulgences to it, and scourging the whole city of Rome, as a punishment for its having been mistress of the world. With a clever monk, projecting and executing are the same thing.

On the day of the inauguration of the church destined for this salutary exercise, there was an immense crowd of Romans, both male and female, who claimed the favour of being flagellated. The scourge merchants could not supply the demands of the amateurs: this created a new branch of trade.

At the opening of the doors of the holy sanctuary, there were a number of persons suffocated by the torrent of people that rushed to the entrance of it. It was in vain that the soldiers attempted to restrain the multitude, they were carried away by it. No one ever saw at the first representation of a new play so prodigious a confluence; and no author ever obtained so universal success as did the reverend father Caravita. He knew, what some of our modern tragic authors are ignorant of, that movement and action are necessary in dramatic representations; he showed himself prodigal of them: in consequence of which the grand drama of *flagellation* has seen, and will see, thousands of pieces die, similar to many of those of our

modern tragic poets; and it will perpetuate itself from generation to generation, to the glory of its author.

I was too curious to know all the discoveries which do honour to the human mind, to neglect that of father Caravita. I went the day before yesterday, Monday, to the church that bears his name. Twilight had begun to spread its gloomy veil. This is the hour in which the indulgences of the scourge are to be obtained. Two long ranks, the one of men, the other of women, were ranged to the right and left of the church doors; the women were covered with large black cloaks, the men were dressed in various ways. At the opening of the doors, the men only were allowed to penetrate into the interior; the female devotees remained on the outside to wait their turn; they brought to mind those shades of which Virgil speaks, who, being left on the banks of the Styx, signified to Charon their impatience to be admitted into his bark *.

We traversed a sort of vestibule lit up by a solitary lamp; its mournful aspect sufficiently testified to us, that we were not come there for the purposes of amusement †.

We advanced, and a second sacred door turned upon its hinges with a hollow and sepulchral sound ‡.

* *Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,*
Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.

† *Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus Orci,*
Luctus et ultrices posuêre cubilia Curæ.

‡ *Tum demum horrisono stridentes cardine sacræ*
Panduntur portæ.

At length we arrived in the interior, the place dedicated to flagellation; it was of considerable extent, and capable of containing a thousand persons. Four large tapers, placed upon an altar hung with black, gave light to the assembly. A preacher ascended a pulpit placed near the altar.

The pulpits I have hitherto seen are a sort of balcony, in which the Roman Bourdaloues pass to and fro, agitating themselves like demoniacs, apostrophising at the same time a large crucifix, and belabouring the balustrade with their fists, as though they intended to crush all the sins under the weight of their blows. Like the Roman actors, they invariably "o'erstep the modesty of nature;" they do not possess the secret of that enunciation, sometimes mild, sometimes vehement, but always dignified, which moves, penetrates, and charms the auditory, and engages their entire attention.

Here both the pulpit and preacher resembled those which are to be seen in every other part of Rome. The sermonizing machine, the preacher I mean, did not go beyond a moderate degree of ridicule: with the voice of a ventriloquist, which appeared to come from underground, he made the enumeration of the insults, sufferings, vexations, tribulations, and temptations, endured by the Redeemer, from men, from the devil, and from nature.

The churchman got over the two first heads of his sermon with tolerably good success. He represented the impassible Jesus in the midst of the outrages of the

people; he described with what facility he brought the devil to his senses; but on arriving at the third head of his discourse (the temptations from nature), the monk launched forth into rather lively descriptions, in depicting the charms of the Magdalen heightened by her tears. I had no idea how he would be able to find his way out of the romantic labyrinth, in which he had bewildered himself; but he, without any transition, addressed himself on a sudden to his auditory: "Come, my brethren," said he, "arm yourselves against the flesh! chastise yourselves courageously! punish yourselves for having so many times been overcome! give yourselves a few stripes in homage to him who suffered so much as an atonement for your sins!"

With these words he finished his discourse, and to his base accents succeeded the soprano voice of a sort of singing boy, who recited *Ave Marias* without end. The audience then began to unroll their long rosaries, from which were suspended little figures, small medals, sorts of amulets which had been blessed, and had received the power of preserving them from misfortunes and diseases, which they were predestined never to encounter. The devotee on my right, perceiving that I was not furnished with this pious instrument, drew a second rosary from his pocket, which he kept in reserve, as sailors do masts to replace those which are broken by a tempest: he offered to lend it to me, and I accepted it. During the prayer, a vestry-keeper, whose cassock was so filthy that it glittered with grease,

went round the assembly and distributed a scourge to each person. In a few instants every one was armed, the tapers were simultaneously extinguished, and we were left in total darkness.

On a sudden all the scourges were put in motion, and every one administered them to his back and loins, naked or covered according to his degree of piety. I kept my scourge in my hand, but as I did not wish to remain inactive, I struck alternately a pillar of the church, and the person who had so obligingly lent me the rosary: by so doing I thought I was showing him my gratitude. Some people will say it was a strange manner of showing it. I insist that it was a very good way; did I not assist him in working out his salvation?

The mortified flesh addressed some observations to me, either because he did not appreciate my motive, or that his fervor was not very great. I considered this a sufficient reason for redoubling my blows: the noise I made heated the zeal of the assembly, and the flagellation became so violent, that it appeared as though the demon of tempests had made an irruption into the church. From time to time hollow groans were heard mingled with the whizzings of the scourges *.

The preacher, without doubt, attributed to his pathetic eloquence, the energy with which the penitents whipped themselves; but I may, without vanity, im-

* *Hinc exaudiri gemitus, et sæva sonare*
Verbera.

pute a part to my exertions, and claim a portion of the glory.

In a quarter of an hour the tapers were again lighted: every one rose, and the male assembly retired to make room for the female. I should have been very glad to have contributed also in stimulating their devout ardor; but it was in vain that I hid myself in the most obscure corner of the church; I was discovered by the cursed vestry man; it was to no purpose, that I pleaded my desire of finishing my orisons: "You must return on Wednesday," said he. I even offered him money, but he refused it with a haughtiness worthy of a Curius.

I have since learned, that the women, who in the practical devotion go much farther than the men, were accustomed formerly to scourge themselves on the bosom, but they have now adopted a more secure mode of flagellation, according to the method of the reverend father Girard: no dangerous wound can result from this. But what a singular remedy against the rebellion of the flesh! Do they not in avoiding Charybdis fall upon Scylla?

THE LITERARY EVENING PARTY.

THE IMPROVISATRICI.

Italie, empire du Soleil; Italie, maîtresse du monde; Italie, berceau des lettres, je te salue. Combien de fois la race humaine te fut soumise! tributaire de tes armes, de tes beaux arts, et de ton ciel!

Ici les sensations se confondent avec les idées; la vie se puise tout entière à la même source, et l'âme, comme l'air, occupe les confins de la terre et des cieux. Ici le génie se sent à l'aise . . . . . .

Improvisation de Corinne au Capitol.

How does it happen, that the title of Roman is so seldom given to the men born at Rome? and why does it appear quite natural, to give it to the women? Is it because the former do not in the least resemble Scipio or Marcellus; whilst the latter involuntarily call to mind Julia and Cornelia? On examining the ancient statues and medals, you will find the same features and expression of physiognomy, which strike you in the Roman women of the present day. It is not so with the men: it appears, that old Saturn, who gave his name to Italy (*Saturnia Tellus*), after having broken the mould of heroes, was desirous of preserving, through the succession of ages, the type of the original beauty of the women.

The gestures of a Roman woman are noble, and her person is delineated after the fine models of Grecian sculpture.

Elle marche, et son port révèle une déesse.

There is something commanding in her air and carriage; she appears to be a queen descended from a throne, but still preserves the habit of commanding. The countenance of other women, with its smiling expression and variety, is less impressive than that of the Roman woman, whose features repose in calmness and immobility; so magical is the harmony of proportions, and so powerful is that interior animation, which produces upon the physiognomy the effect of genius upon the soul.

The Roman women are ardent lovers of the fine arts: they never speak of their country but with admiration mixed with enthusiasm. In a society where the fair sex occupy themselves with literature, a way of passing the time quite as rational as at cards, I gave *Latium* for a subject to an improvisatrice. After meditating for an instant, she began a description, which was rather geographical than poetical; then animating herself by degrees, she pourtrayed in a spirited manner the character, manners, and heroism of the ancient inhabitants of that country; at length she abandoned herself entirely to the ecstacy of her imagination, and her soul, rich in figures and ideas, was reflected in the bold and picturesque expressions, with which she inundated her flowing and musical periods.

Madame de Staël, inspired by those poetical scenes, and assisted by a poetical imagination, has endeavoured to imitate these creative raptures: it was from hearing the Italian improvisatrici that she conceived the idea

of her novel of *Corinne*, in which she has poured forth all the treasures of her sensibility and imagination. It is easy to perceive, that the most brilliant pages of that work, those which describe Italy, were written in the presence of the objects themselves, and under the influence of those cloudless skies. No person ought to pourtray scenes when absent from them: if he do, his design will be spiritless, and his colouring insipid. Impressions taken elsewhere than from the fountain-head resemble the solar rays reflected from our planet: they give a pale light, but no warmth.

We must seize the inspiration of the moment: the improvisatrici are fully persuaded of this truth. The following is an example of it: after the brilliant description of *Latium*, a young Roman lady was requested to compose some stanzas of eight lines; each stanza was to contain a comparison between a woman and any proposed object. As an introduction she played an air of her own choice on the piano forte; as soon as she began to feel the poetical ecstacy, she exclaimed, like the sybil: "Do not keep me waiting; *Deus, ecce Deus.*" And on a sudden she demanded of the person next her: "To what do you compare Lucilla?" On the object being named, she composed the stanza immediately; she went round the whole circle in less than a quarter of an hour, composed extempore twenty stanzas, which was equal to the number of persons present; and notwithstanding the fantastical comparisons which were given her, she did not hesitate an instant, was

frequently happy in her ideas, and displayed judgment and ingenuity in the choice of her images. This facility appeared to me a real phenomenon, which was still more surprising, as the inspired person could not make use of the tricks which I had remarked among the improvisatori.

The Italian language has a particular charm in the mouth of the women: it is like an echo from that beautiful and harmonious nature which has given them being. Their flexible intonation is divested of that redundancy, and of that syllabical monotony, which often renders the pronunciation of the men insipid; the women imitate the prolonged vibrations of the Æolian harp; those demi-tones which soothe the ear so agreeably.

Almost all the women who move in the upper circles understand Latin, and speak French fluently. The northern idioms, encumbered with so many consonants, offend their harmonious ears.

The *Corinne* of Madame de Staël, notwithstanding its metaphysical love, and its sentimental theology, in spite of the blemishes and imperfections which disfigure this production, is much superior to all the poetical prose compositions, and is the most distinguished work of its kind that has been written on Italy, because it abounds in ideas inspired by the localities. In the literary society of which I have been just speaking, all united in their encomiums on it. The evening was terminated by some extemporary Latin verses, composed with considerable facility by a young man, but in which I did not discover any thing brilliant.

All the honour of this society belongs exclusively to the women. Nature has not only been more favourable to them than to the men in their personal qualifications; their mental powers also appear to be more finished, more ingenious, and more elevated. With serious studies they would learn to think: this faculty which in them is so shackled, and subservient to so many prejudices, would then become free and independent.

Whether the men acknowledge or not this superiority in the fair sex, they do not make use even of the first elements of politeness towards them. Perhaps they are ignorant of them. They are awkwardly officious; their attentions are importunate, and their solicitude fatiguing. They are punished for not knowing how to sacrifice to the Graces: the Graces abandon them in the saloons, at the bar, in the church, and on the stage. On the most trivial occasion the Roman is prodigal of his exclamations; he invokes the gods of ancient and modern Rome; *Per Dio santo! Cospetto di Bacco! Saint Antonio benedetto.* He commences his discourse by the oratorical precaution, *Sono sincero, le dirò la verità schietta;* he is not, for all this, either more observant of truth or more sincere.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus ac bonis,
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia, moriture Delli.

HORAT.

I WENT early to the chapel of the Holy Father to get a good place; but the *maestro di camera* had anticipated my arrival, and I was quite astonished to hear my name called by the door-keeper, who told me he had orders to give me a seat in the place reserved for the prelates. I could not but be sensible of this distinction, and strutted to my post with an air of importance, to wait the commencement of the ceremony. I should have had an opportunity of exercising my patience, if I had not by chance been placed near a man, who by his physiognomy did not appear to be a European. I addressed him in Italian; he told me he knew very little of this language, and that he was a native of Japan. To be placed near a Japanese in the pope's chapel appeared to me a fortunate circumstance; but the difficulty was to understand each other. He knew very little Italian, I knew still less Japanese. He was without doubt making the same reflections; when on a sudden he told me he understood French: "We are countrymen, then," said I, taking his hand

with eagerness; "language unites men much more than their birth-place." He anticipated my curiosity, and informed me, that an old Jesuit, who had formed a part of the catholic missions, which had been so badly received at Japan, had taken refuge in his family, where he taught French with so much success, that it had become an hereditary language in his house; that the old Jesuit had converted his mother to Christianity without the knowledge of his father, and that she had brought her sons up in the same persuasion; in short, that he had come to Rome for the purpose of acquiring a just knowledge of this religion, of which he had but a confused idea, to gain his information from the fountain head, to remove his doubts, and to make use of his understanding and reason. "I cannot commend the method you have adopted," said I to him in a low voice. "Have you not been intimidated by this proverb? *He who sees Rome loses his faith.*" I was preparing to catechise him, when the cardinals arrived: they had seats reserved exclusively for them, and for the men who support their trains. Soon after the Pope made his appearance, and seated himself on his throne. On each side was a cardinal to assist him. The senator of Rome stood a little in the back ground; whenever he attends any ceremony, he is obliged to remain on his legs the whole time. Formerly the senators had curule chairs; this had not even a stool. My friend the Japanese was quite stupified: and at the sight of the fantastical

dresses of the prelates, cardinals, and monks of all sorts; and of the tail-bearers, who sometimes spread out the trains of their eminences, and sometimes twisted them up in the same manner as washerwomen wring linen: he asked me, whether this were a return of the carnival. The cardinals filed off one by one, and left the chapel; and in a short time they returned dressed like bishops with silver mitres. They saluted each other, turned round and saluted again, placed their hands on each other's shoulders, and made an inclination before his holiness, took off their mitres, put them on again, took off their skullcaps, and then executed several religious manœuvres, much more complicated than any military evolution. Here the Japanese interrogated me about what was passing before his eyes.

"It is thus," said I, "that the dignitaries of the church honour the Divinity."

"I thought calm meditation was necessary for penetrating our souls with gratitude for the bounties of the Creator," observed the Japanese.

"Yes, that is proper for the vulgar herd; but the ecclesiastical aristocracy have their privileges, and make use of them."

"It appears to me," continued the Japanese, "that the attention necessary for the execution of these corporeal movements with uniformity and regularity must effectually dissipate any spiritual feeling."

"Spiritual feelings have nothing to do here."

"Ah! now I understand: it is the Pope they are

worshipping; and as he is not capable of understanding the internal language of the heart, they are offering him a tribute of gestures instead of it."

As the Japanese finished these words, several monks black as crows, others black and white like magpies, made a profound inclination, and kissed the sovereign pontiff's foot: my friend the Japanese, exulting like Œdipus after having guessed the enigma, repeated, "It is the Pope they are worshipping!"

The service now commenced; a concert of neutral voices was heard. I had a great deal of trouble to make the Japanese understand the cause of these sounds being so shrill. "It is impossible," answered he, "that they can cause praises to be sung to the Creator of men by individuals who are not men: it must be the Pope they are worshipping."

The cardinals then came, and, after repeated genuflexions, fumigated the holy father with frankincense several times. He received it without moving an eyebrow, and with an air which savoured a little of the divinity. My Asiatic companion gave me a look full of expression, which seemed to say, "It is the Pope they are worshipping!" I requested him not to judge too hastily, but to wait for the end of the ceremony. "Observe the cardinals, they are going to receive the ashes from the hand of the Pope; pay attention to what he says to them: '*Remember that thou art dust, and to dust thou shalt return.*'" "It is a useful lesson," replied the Asiatic, "particularly as the holy

father treats them like dust, and impresses the dust of his feet upon their foreheads."

"Observe that cardinal, who in his turn is rubbing the forehead of the sovereign pontiff with dust, in addressing to him the same *memento:* do you still persist that it is the Pope they are worshipping?"

The Japanese appeared to be overwhelmed with astonishment; he remained silent for some time. "I would have laid a wager," said he at last, "that they were worshipping the Pope: I perceive now, that they have not been worshipping any thing, which is perhaps still worse. How is this! the Pope acknowledges that he is dust, and he makes others kiss the dust of his foot, which is formed of dust! It is an inconceivable compound of pride and humility, of insult and derision."

"You argue like a Japanese; it is as the representative of God, who has invested him with the *alter ego*, that the Pope makes him kiss his slipper; he transmits this homage to the Divinity: it is as a man that he receives the ashes. Now do you understand?"

"I do not comprehend it at all. In the first place I cannot conceive how men can want the mediation of a man, to humble themselves before God; then, admitting this celestial diplomacy, which has its ambassadors and *chargés d'affaires* on earth, it does not appear to me reasonable, that at the same sitting, and with the same dress, a creature can represent the divine essence and human dust. It seems to me, that a change of costume, at least, would be necessary, as in the

comedy of one of your great philosophers, called Molière, master Jacques changes his clothes, that he may represent a cook and a coachman alternately."

"This mode of reasoning may be very good at Japan, but it will not find currency at Rome."

"So much the worse; reason is a universal coin. And what can you say to justify this singular music, which we have heard? Why do they cause hymns to be sung by beings who are thus mutilated? And why is such an execrable operation permitted?"

"There is a law which positively forbids it."

"Why does the Pope receive into his chapel those on whom this law has been violated?"

"The Pope has his reasons for it, for which he is accountable to God alone. He has made a law; if it is not executed, it does not exist the less for this. The sovereign Pontiff is beloved by all his subjects, he desires only justice, and the happiness of every one; but his minister thwarts his wishes."

"In this case," replied the Japanese with a sarcastic smile, "there is a very simple remedy; which is to make the minister pope, and the pope minister. Why have the cardinals chosen red for the colour of their dress from head to foot?"

"It is to call to their minds, that they ought to be always ready to shed their blood for the Romish religion."

"If I were to judge by their actions, I should give quite a different interpretation to their colour; for I

have never yet heard of their having shed their blood, but on the contrary of shedding that of the people: cardinal Granvelle, for instance, who caused the destruction of more than forty thousand Flemings by the sword of religion; cardinal de Lorraine also, and a great number of others, whose names would make too long a list. Why does the pope wear a hat precisely of the shape of those worn by the Jesuits? Is it as an indemnification to this society for never having furnished the church with a pope, by giving them the hope, that it will some day come to its turn? It appears, that his holiness has a great affection for the Jesuits."

"He is not in the wrong: they are his light troops; they fight after the manner of the Scythians."

"But how does it happen, that an infallible pope has re-established an order, which had been abolished by another infallible pope?"

"All this may be explained; but I warn you as a friend, if it be your wish to see Japan again, to be more circumspect at Rome, and not to trouble yourself so much about these *whys* and *wherefores*: the tree of science bears indigestible fruit."

THE BRIGANDS.

Des voleurs! Eh! voit-on d'autre gens dans le monde? Non, mon ami, tous les hommes aiment à s'approprier le bien d'autrui: c'est un sentiment générale; la manière seule est différente. Les conquerans s'emparent des états de leurs voisins; les personnes de qualité empruntent et ne rendent point; les banquiers, trésoriers, agens de change, commis, tous les merchands, tant gros que petits, ne sont pas fort scrupuleux. Pour les gens de justice, on n'ignore pas ce qu'ils savent faire!

LESAGE, *Gil Blas.*

SHOULD there not exist between the people and those who govern them a mutual contract, by virtue of which one party pays to be protected by the other? Good sense and justice answer in the affirmative; but as every thing on the other side of the Alps approaches nearer to perfection, the pontifical government finds it more simple to lay heavy impositions on its subjects, without affording them any security either for their property or persons. Let any one examine their civil and criminal codes: he will be struck with the confusion, absurdity, and shamelessness, that reign in these works of legislative iniquity. The judiciary power, shackled with a continual dependence, is swallowed up by the executive power, as rivers are by the ocean: this renders the government absolute judge between the parties, when it is not itself both judge and party. The laws, and the most fantastical insti-

tutions, issue at once from the pope's brain by a spontaneous movement *(motu proprio)*, and they are immediately ready for execution without any other elaboration. It is not through vanity that his holiness is crowned with a triple diadem. The first signifies, *the state, that is myself;* the second, *religion, that is myself;* the third, *the supremacy over all other states, that is myself.*

It is only a trifling consideration for the subjects of the holy father to be deprived of all their civil and political rights, and delivered over to the most divine despotism; they must also be plundered, ransomed, and murdered by the brigands, with which the domains of the church are infested. The monstrous details, that I have collected, will scarcely be believed by those who have not seen this excess of barbarism with their own eyes. *Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable,* is a maxim particularly applicable to the enormous abuses and vices of theocratical government. But I appeal to all travellers, who have visited this land of indulgences; they will all bear testimony to the truth of my assertions: they will all say, that the government, by its pusillanimous conduct and mean condescension toward the assassins, by bestowing upon them absolutions, recompenses, pensions, and public offices, is become in a manner their accomplice. What could it do more, if it wished to encourage them?

It would be an endless task, if I undertook to enu-

merate the whole of the banditti, who have rendered themselves celebrated by their pillage and murders under the pontificate of Pius VII.: I shall content myself with citing the memorable actions of those whose history is united to the modern history of the Jerusalem of Europe.

In the first place I shall give an idea of these brigands. They do not bear any resemblance to vulgar robbers: at Rome every thing is done on a grand scale. It is not want, that induces these extraordinary men to adopt this way of life: it is a decided predilection for it. They who aspire to be admitted into their society are made to undergo the severest trials, to prove that their calling is genuine. Almost all of them possess a house, a piece of ground, some cattle, and a lawful wife; they obey a chief, who exercises over them the power of dictator: they also experience all the advantages of absolute power.

They are dressed in a uniform manner: blue pantaloons; a waistcoat of the same colour, ornamented with two rows of silver buttons; the bosom of the shirt open, with the collar turned back; a high crowned hat of a conical shape, decorated with red and white ribands; a large sash fastened with silver clasps; a cartridge-box; a shoulder-belt, from which are suspended a sabre, a spoon, a fork, and a dagger. Round the neck they wear a red riband, from which is suspended on the breast a silver heart, containing some holy relic, and having on the outside in relief the image of the Virgin,

or of the infant Jesus. Such is the martial and religious costume of these brigands, who are subjected to a rigorous discipline, and never take the field except in bands of thirty, fifty, or a hundred men.

Their way of life obliges them to encounter all sorts of dangers, to support all kinds of privations, to endure every fatigue, and to be continually on the alert. The rapidity of their movements sets distance at defiance: they climb up mountains that appear inaccessible, there take their repasts, and sleep upon their craggy summits, without any bed but their cloak, or shelter but the vault of heaven. From the top of these citadels of nature these men of prey rush into the plain upon their victims, carry them off to their haunts, and there murder them, if they be not able to pay a heavy ransom.

The chief, called *Diecinove*, because he had lost a toe, is one of the banditti, who has signalized himself for his horrible cruelties under the reign of Pius VII. This tiger thirsted more after blood than after gold; he tortured his victims a long time before he killed them. He made the archpriest Bassiano suffer the most dreadful torments, under the simple pretext, that this ecclesiastic had spoken ill of him; he cut off his wife's breasts, to revenge himself for a pretended infidelity. There was not a place in the environs of Rome, where he had not spread terror and carnage around him. This monster, whose sanguinary rage was rather fatigued than satiated, proposed an armistice

with the pontifical government, which was consented to with eagerness.

As soon as he and his companions had received from the holy father their pardon as assassins, and their absolution as Christians, protected by the shield of impunity, they resolved on revisiting the theatre of their exploits, to view again those disconsolate villages, still reeking with the blood which they had shed; they even presented themselves before those fathers and mothers, whose children they had murdered, and demanded their friendship; they placed themselves without ceremony at their table, and partook of their family repast; they carried their insolent cruelty so far, as to display before their terror-struck hosts their murderous knives, on which the traces of their crimes were still visible; they made use of these instruments of death to cut their bread and meat. On going away they demanded money as a reward for their *lenity* towards them while they followed the profession of robbers: no one had the rashness to disobey this summons. Thus they robbed without running the smallest risk, and in a manner under the protection of the government, which was fully informed of their conduct, and continued to grant the same amnesty and the same privileges to other bands of assassins.

The horde commanded by *Corampono*, after having rivalled that of Diecinove in its cruelties, obtained the same immunities.

But the troop which had its head quarters in the

neighbourhood of *Sonnino* was still more terrific. The chiefs Masocco and Garbarone had displayed an infernal genius in the invention of crimes. Between Fondi and Rome every one shuddered at the mention of their names. At the time of my arrival in this city their ferocious exploits occupied the attention of every one. The pontifical government, which in urgent cases adopts only half measures, and forms no plans but such as are ill combined, not having been able to succeed in capturing these monsters, did not blush to treat with them as between nation and nation. The cardinal secretary of state was deputed to negotiate with them. He had an interview with the chief Masocco and his principal lieutenants near Terracina. These men, after having made the most extravagant demands, would have been content to receive the pensions and lucrative employments promised them by the cardinal. But Garbarone, the other chief, not finding the conditions sufficiently advantageous, redoubled his depredations, and abandoned himself entirely to the impetuosity of his ferocious disposition. New deputations were sent from the court of Rome, with still more seducing offers, to engage them to accept its pardon, and the remission of all their sins. Garbarone, presenting a deaf ear to the promises of the holy father, received his proposals with arrogance and disdain; and answered them by new outrages, so that nothing but cries of anguish and distress were heard among the inhabitants of the country.

At last the rector of Terracina, a man estimable for his virtues and piety, armed himself with a large crucifix, and went in search of these brigands. After having wandered several days among the mountains, he discovered them. "Have pity on your fellow-citizens," said he to them; "do not do evil for the sake of evil. What do you desire? A general pardon? Pensions? Lucrative employments? The government not only grants you all these, but it engages also to revoke the decree against Sonnino, to rebuild your houses which have been rased by virtue of that decree, to set at liberty all your companions who have been made prisoners, and to assure them, as well as yourselves, an existence free from every want." He succeeded partly by his eloquence, but more particularly by his offers, in persuading the banditti. The good missionary was not content with this first success, he was ambitious of a still greater, he wished to work a reformation in them; he conducted them to his college, where the children of the richest families in the neighbourhood were educated. At first the banditti showed themselves very zealous in all the pious exercises of fasting, prayer, &c. The soul of the good rector melted with tenderness at their penitent behaviour; he confessed them, and administered the sacrament to them repeatedly. No ruffians ever affected so well the appearance of contrition: on seeing them you would have said, there is but a single step from crime to devotion.

On a sudden the scene changed. After having fully informed themselves of the resources and fortunes of the families to which the children they were living with belonged, they carried them all off in one night, and transported them into the mountains. The rector was absent: imagine what his grief and astonishment must have been on his return, at finding his seminary empty! He discovered, when too late, that he had introduced wolves into the sheepfold.

The evening before this catastrophe took place at Terracina, I stopped several hours in this town. On my arrival at Valetri, I took the public conveyance for Rome. I entered into conversation with a Roman, Signor Fasani, a man about sixty, of an open and agreeable countenance. Observing that I listened to him with pleasure, he traced a rapid sketch of the four seasons of his life: "the last," said he, "is preferable to all the rest on account of the true and solid enjoyments which it offers." He felt particular delight in depicting to me his domestic happiness. His son, twelve years of age, occupied a distinguished place in the picture; he was the object of his most tender affections, and was receiving his education at the college of Terracina.

On our arrival at Rome, Signor Fasani and myself took lodgings at the same hotel. The next morning he entered my room; his features had lost their pleasing serenity; their haggard paleness told the anguish of his soul: he burst into tears. "How the heart of

man deceives him!" said he. "Yesterday, while I was delineating to you that picture of my felicity, I was in the abyss of misery. Wretched father! I was far from suspecting, when I was speaking to you of my son, that he had been carried off by a horde of assassins!" I endeavoured to console him. "The seminary of Terracina," said I, "where your son was educating, was established by the government; it is impossible, but it will take every means in its power, and make every sacrifice for his deliverance."

"You do not know Rome," said he; "times are changed since the French were here; those institutions, which protected the virtuous, and were severe and coercive toward the wicked, have disappeared with them." While he was speaking, a letter was brought him: he started on recognizing the hand-writing of his son.—"My dear father, do not be unhappy! I am in good health. I am among very good people, who take the greatest care of me, and pay me the greatest attention; but if you do not send me two thousand crowns immediately, they will kill me."

Letters of the same nature, written under the dictate of a poniard, were addressed to the other fathers by their children. "You must take your son's letter to the secretary of state," said I to Signor Fasani, "and he will immediately give you . . . . . ."

"The cardinals give nothing but their prayers," cried he; "they have not too much money for the support of their mistresses and of their . . . . . My

son would be put to death, before I could find means to have his letter read by the secretary of state. I have no one to depend on but myself."

He immediately collected all the money he could, and sent it instantly to the brigands, with a promise of completing the two thousand crowns, which they had demanded of him. The fathers of the other children did the same.

The brigands had successively released the greater part of their prisoners. Three only remained in their power, one of twelve, another of thirteen, and the other of fourteen years of age: of this number was the young Fasani.

The most melancholy rumors began to circulate about Rome: it was said, that these unhappy children would be massacred, even if their ransom were paid, because the fathers of two of them were judges, and the father of the other, Signor Fasani, had been mayor.

Figure to yourself, if possible, the bitter torments and anxiety of mind, that Signor Fasani suffered: he expected every instant to hear the fatal news. He was kept in this horrible state for eight days, which appeared to him so many years. At length his son was restored to him. He had promised to conduct him to my house immediately on his arrival: he kept his word. I could not help shedding tears when I embraced this child.

The calmness of his interesting features, on which were depicted resignation and reflection, was interrupted

only by occasional spasms: his words did not coincide with his years: it seemed as if the terrible apprenticeship, which he had served to misfortune, had already matured his thoughts. The following is his narrative nearly in his own words:

"The robbers, after having taken us from the seminary, finding we could not walk with the same rapidity as themselves, took us upon their shoulders, and did not halt, until they had reached the mountains. Having met with some shepherds on the road, they ordered them to bring two fat sheep. The shepherds brought them to the place appointed; the brigands killed the sheep themselves, and cooked them before a large fire. After the repast, of which we partook, they recited a short prayer, in which they returned thanks to Saint Antonio for having assisted them in their projects. One of them then read a book, in which, among other histories, was that of an adventurer called Ricardo. The great enterprises of this extraordinary man excited in them transports of admiration. Shortly afterward sentinels were placed at certain distances, and each of the brigands rolled one of us up in his cloak. In short, after they had all kissed the image of the Virgin, which they always carry about their persons, they lay down, and went to sleep.

"The next morning at daybreak we left this place, and at the end of our march pitched our camp on a mountain intersected with ravines, and almost inaccessible. We never remained more than four or five

hours in the same place. I had already seen twelve of my companions set at liberty, without its coming to my turn. Only three of us now remained prisoners: we were tied to each other with a cord by the arms. I began to make the most melancholy reflections on seeing our guards speaking to each other in a mysterious manner. One of them, who was the second chief of the band, observing that I was uneasy: 'Fasani,' said he, 'keep up your spirits; we are thinking about putting an end to your captivity: in the mean while preach us a sermon on death.' I obeyed as well as I was able: I little thought I was pronouncing my own funeral oration, and that of my companions. When I had finished, the brigand dragged us to a little distance among a group of rocks, which hung over a precipice: he drew his poniard, and buried it in the bosom of my two companions. The cord which tied us together pulled me after them in their fall; I fell covered with their blood. I threw myself at the feet of the assassin, implored his pity, and with the most piercing cries begged of him in the name of Saint Antonio to spare my life. All this passed with the rapidity of lightning: he suspended his poniard, and appeared to hesitate. 'Do not stab him,' cried the chief, 'it will bring us ill luck: he has invoked Saint Antonio; he is the last: *Facciamo un quadro a S. Antonio.*' I was then unbound; the chief spoke to me with kindness, gave me a ring and this pass."

The child showed it to me; the following is an exact copy of it:

"*Si ordina a qualunque comitiva, di non toccare casata Fasani di Maenza.* *Etriade, Virtù, Fedeltà.*

"ANTONIO MATTEI
ED ALESSANDRO MASSARONI."*

The Trinity! virtue! fidelity! What words, and in what mouths! If the young Fasani had employed simply the name of God to move these human butchers to compassion, he would have been murdered; he begged his life in the name of Saint Antonio, and was saved. It is perhaps the first time, that superstition has preserved any one from death.

Let it not be imagined, that the existence of the banditti in the ecclesiastical states is an evil that cannot be remedied, a calamity inherent to the localities: this would be a great error; and a proof, that the responsibility of this terrible scourge ought to rest with the government is, that men of a firm character, who have held the reins of government, have found means to suppress it.

Nicholas Rienzi, who in 1337 made himself master of Rome, invested with the title of tribune, governed it despotically; but, having instituted a vigilant and rigorous police, he cleansed the whole country from the brigands who infested it. After the tribune Rienzi, Sixtus Quintus displayed the same energy, and caused the laws to be respected. He would not suffer any one but himself to dispose of the lives and fortunes of his

* Every other detachment of the company is commanded not to stop the bearer named Fasani di Faenza. The Trinity, Virtue, Fidelity. Antonio Mattei and Alexander Massaroni.

subjects. The banditti, finding they obtained nothing but the gibbet, became disgusted with their trade, and disappeared. They returned at the end of his reign, and since that no pope has suppressed them.

At length, under the reign of Napoleon, the French, by sage and vigorous measures, kept these bands of assassins in check; and during the short time of their administration the Romans enjoyed a security, which they had not experienced for several centuries.

In 1814 pope Pius VII being restored to his rights, as a prelude to the exercise of his authority granted an absolute pardon to divers hordes of banditti. The company of Roccagorga was of this number. I do not wish to fatigue the reader with a recital of the misdeeds and cruelties to which these monsters abandoned themselves; to give an account of all the crimes tolerated, encouraged, and committed by theocratical governments, it would be necessary to write a work as voluminous as the *Encyclopedia*, and with a pen continually drenched in blood.

But before I finish the sketch I have traced of the life and manners of these illustrious subjects of the holy father, who gather their laurels on the highway, I cannot dispense myself from giving some account of the brigand Barbone. He was born at Velletri; and at a very early age commenced his apprenticeship to his horrible trade! His mother, named Rinalda, was herself his instructress. No Lacedemonian woman ever taught her children with so much fervency to defend

their country, as Rinalda formed her son for the desolation of his. This woman was incited by a double impulse, an instinct for plunder, and an immoderate desire of revenge. She had had an intimate connexion with a man named Peronti, who by way of speculation had left his profession of priest, and adopted that of brigand. As soon as, by some brilliant exploits, he obtained a lucrative recompense from the government, he returned from his trade of brigand to that of priest. Peronti had inspired the mother of Barbone with a violent passion; furious at seeing herself deceived in her profession and in her affections, she had a double motive for thirsting after the blood of her perfidious lover. As a lioness at the recollection of her wounds teaches her whelps to roar at the sight of the hunter, so Rinalda excited the fury of her son Barbone at the sight of the city, that contained the habitation of Peronti. It was said, that she purposed going to assassinate him at the foot of the altar, as soon as Barbone should be old enough to second her. This project she would have executed; but Peronti died a natural death; and Rinalda, in despair at not having been able to satiate her vengeance, followed him to the infernal regions, after having implanted in her son's bosom the germes of villany, which rapidly came to maturity.

Barbone, with a well disciplined troop, after having plundered or obtained a ransom for travellers, like a bird of prey hovered about the barren heights that command Tivoli, Palestrina, and Poli; he had a par-

ticular predilection for Guadagnuolo and the neighbouring heights: his audacity appeared to be nourished and increased by the remembrance of Spartacus, who took refuge in these mountains, and of Marco Sciarra, less famous even for his depredations than for his conduct toward Tasso. The poet's genius softened the ferocious heart of the brigand, who, without exacting from him any ransom, spared his life, and the lives of his companions. Thus was realised the allegoral fiction of Orpheus, whose voice soothed the tigers of the desert.

The banditti of the present day would probably be capable of a similar act of courtesy. We have seen in the adventure of the young Fasani, that their pastime consisted in reading books on chivalry which sung of *Audaci imprese*: if they amused themselves with the recital of the renowned feats of Goffredo and Rinaldo, it was perhaps because they saw nothing in them but robbery on a grand scale.

As for Barbone, not a single act of generosity in the exercise of his functions can be recorded to his honour; on the contrary, he added a sort of refinement to his perversity; he gave a zest to his crimes. An unfortunate Englishman, accompanied by his wife and sister, fell into his hands. By virtue of their laws he awarded to himself the handsomest of the two; the other was drawn lots for by the band. To avoid the extreme outrage, these ladies had recourse to every thing that could move the hearts of these ferocious monsters to

pity: tears, supplications, promises of considerable sums of money, all to no purpose. Their looks pourtraying a soul torn with grief, far from exciting the compassion of these savages, appeared to redouble their ungovernable desires; and before the eyes even of the Englishman, Barbone, like a second Ajax, made his victim undergo the fate of Cassandra.

At last this brigand, after having gone through the whole list of all possible crimes, felt the want of repose; and, like Sylla, he wished to descend from the summit of his power. He made an offer to the pope, to lay down his dictatorship of the mountains, and to receive in exchange a furnished house, a pension, and a public employment; with the addition of an abundant supply of absolutions and indulgences. The treaty was approved of and ratified by the holy father. Barbone sent him all the insignia of his office, as pledges of his sincerity. He made his entry into the capital of the Christian world with as much modesty, as though he had been an ordinary man. The multitude crowded about him, and experienced a sort of charm in being able to contemplate without danger one who had been the terror of the country. His murders even created a sort of interest: for at Rome, by a succession of this strange mobility of impressions that glide over the heart, they generally transfer to the murderer the pity which is due to the victim. I leave it to others to account for this kind of sensibility! It is nevertheless a characteristic trait of this people.

Place one of them between an assassin and his victim, he will immediately sympathise with the first, in saying, *Poverino! ha ammàzzato un uomo*!* Hence it is that crime has so many places of refuge.

Barbone directed his steps toward the bridge of Saint Angiolo, where he found a house prepared to receive him and his wife. He is still living in the same place, and fills the office of prison keeper. He is tall; his late mode of life, the gloom of the thick forests, that wild uncultivated nature in the midst of which he has been accustomed to wander, all have contributed to imprint a rude and savage character on his physiognomy; he turns his eyes involuntarily toward the mountains, like those of a captive eagle toward the Sun. The people, who are familiarized with his aspect, see him wandering in the streets of Rome without astonishment, but never without admiration: he walks there with as much unconcern as an honest man, and with all the tranquillity of a clean conscience. Why should he not? Has not the holy water cleansed him from all the blood with which he was polluted? Can he feel any remorse, after having received the absolution of all his crimes from the sovereign pontiff?

Barbone is not the only brigand who enjoys all the rights of citizen in the holy city: a number of his brethren have the same advantages. A short time ago four of them presented themselves at the door of the

* Poor fellow! he has killed a man!

cardinal secretary of state's carriage, to demand an augmentation of pay, insinuating that if their demands were not attended to they would return to the mountains. The cardinal spoke to them with kindness, and promised them every thing. Beside their regular pay, these brigands gain something by serving as models to painters.

Mr. Robert, a distinguished artist, has represented in one of his pictures the wife of one of the robbers, called Maria Grazzia. Her attitude and costume are very picturesque. This Amazon of the highway recounts the brilliant actions of her relations quite in an heroic style. She is the daughter, sister, and wife of brigands. When she writes to her beloved husband, at present in the galleys, she addresses her letters in this way, *All' illustrissimo Signor Marc Antonio, ai Bagni di Civita Vecchia.*

Thus Rome is again become what it was at its origin, an open asylum for robbers. In this respect the pope resembles Romulus. The latter, however, founded only a profane city; but by what fatality is this place, where the religion supremely excellent above all others has established its throne, become the rendezvous of ruffians, brigands, and the most horrid assassins; the receptacle of all the vices most degrading to humanity; the common sewer of the most filthy depravity? Is it the intention of the Most High, to bring to the recollection of true believers a terrible prediction of the

Gospel*? If it be not so, what point of contact, what attraction could there exist between the catholic sanctuary and perversity? This is a problem which I must not even attempt to resolve.

* "When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation stand in the holy place, then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in Heaven, and he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet. Watch therefore: for ye know not in what hour your Lord doth come."

THE POLICE.

Créé pour protéger l'innocent qu'on opprime,
Ce pouvoir qui devrait faire avorter le crime,
Et du repos public assurer les bienfaits,
Féconde trop souvent le germe des forfaits.

Is the police well administered at Rome? Those who have read the details which I have just given of the atrocities committed by the brigands, to whom an asylum is granted in the interior of the capital, will think, without doubt, that all must be trouble and confusion inside as well as outside its walls. They are very much mistaken. Judging from the tranquillity which reigns in this great city, it may be affirmed, that a better police does not exist any where: its machinery being invisible renders it still more perfect. The effects of it are enjoyed without any one being troubled with the cause: the sight is never shocked by the appearance of vile agents wearing the livery of spies. During the three months that I inhabited one of the most populous quarters of Rome, I never heard the least seditious rumor, or provoking tone. I was desirous of being present at some quarrel between the lower orders, that I might observe the effects of anger on the countenances of these descendants of the masters of the world: but no opportunity ever presented itself. I was obliged to resign myself to that eternal order, that

immutable harmony, which reigns among the lowest orders of the population. Ought this unsusceptibility of irritation, observed in these people, to be attributed to an apathy incapable of any sort of energy, or to the indelible vestiges of an ancient dignity? However this may be, I often left my handkerchief half out of my pocket in places where there was a popular throng, and no one ever deigned to play the Lacedemonian. The Neapolitans, who in other respects are not Spartiates, did not wait for my trying this experiment; they too often extracted my handkerchief from the bottom of my pocket. At Rome robbery and swindling are seldom heard of; the disciples of Mercury appear to have ceased exercising their industry in that city. In short, the life, fortune, and repose of the citizens are in perfect safety. Does not this general security indicate a well organised police?

It is said, however, that from time to time poniards are brought into action as instruments of revenge in affairs of gallantry. I never saw an example of it; but I believe such events do sometimes take place. If so, it is an obstacle thrown in the way of seducers. They must be on their guard: it was not with impunity that Theseus and Pirithous attempted to carry off Proserpine. If a Frenchman do not kill the amiable suborner of his wife or mistress, is it to be attributed to civilization? No; but to his not attaching so much importance as the Italian to the exclusive possession of the object of his love.

Rome is not encumbered with mud and prostitutes as Paris and the provincial towns of France are. A few minutes after the rain has ceased the streets are almost dry, although paved with small stones: it is easy to avoid dirt and damp. You will not meet at the public walks, or in other public places, those women, who by their indecent dress and audacious manners make a parade of licentiousness, and appear to brave the mother of a family, who blushes when she reflects, that her husband supports their insolent and expensive caprices: a scandal too common in France, where the cheek of virtue often reddens for vice that never changes colour. At Rome you never see those creatures, who are the grand dignitaries of depravity, or those who fill subordinate employments, assembling at the corners of streets, stopping the passers by, and demanding of them their purse and their health. This city is never polluted, even at the latest hour of the night, by similar exhibitions; the shades of Lucretia and Virginia might walk through the capital of the Christian world at any hour, without meeting the least thing to alarm their pudicity.

Sixtus Quintus was as severe against the courtesans as against the brigands: when he extirpated the latter from his states, he cleansed the city from the former. But there are those who argue, that the superabundance of life attributed to southern climates must dissipate itself somewhere; and that a dearth of courtésans would expose virtue to the attacks of man's un-

bridled lust. This is a ridiculous objection! A positive scourge is a strange remedy for an eventual evil! I maintain, that this pretended specific gives birth to the evil which they are desirous of avoiding, and hastens its developement; and, as a cancer extends itself by degrees over the parts which are healthy, so prostitution gradually takes hold of the sound parts of society. The sight of immodest women insensibly weakens the sentiment of decency in men; it familiarizes them with the thoughts of an easy enjoyment; and in a short time they lose all reserve towards other women. How many respectable tradesmen at Paris, notwithstanding the pains bestowed upon the education of their daughters, have seen them carried into the abyss by the contagion of example! The poison circulates, ascends, and arrives at the highest ranks of society: then the shades between virtue and depravity become so fugacious, that men, finding it more convenient to confound all under the same denomination, no longer see in the other half of their species any but degraded beings, to whom they associate themselves from sensual instinct or a speculation of gain. Women generally model their opinions after those of the men; therefore, being no longer esteemed by them, they cease to respect themselves: in a short time the homage offered to beauty degenerates into the despotism of a seraglio. Women, destined by the delicacy of their organization, fineness of their feelings, and correctness of their perceptions, to sway the sceptre of taste, and stimulate

genius, limit themselves, like automatons, to the production of a few sounds with their fingers on some wretched instrument. Thought, the instrument of the mind, remains dormant; till at last they are assimilated, I may almost say, to the furniture of a saloon. Hence the decay of the fine arts. Apollo, to animate his lyre, placed himself in the midst of the muses, and under their inspiration. I could draw other dreadful consequences from this traffic of licentiousness authorised by governments; but it suffices for me to have proved, that this sore, so far from being a preservative for the chastity of other women, only corrupts it by degrees, and exercises a fatal influence over the manners, mind, and genius of a nation.

The number of courtesans at Rome is very small; and they do not add to the shame of their profession the effrontery of hawking their favours at the corners of the streets: they treat by means of ambassadors; they do not insult public decency; they confine themselves to their houses, as birds of ill omen hide themselves in the holes of a ruined building.

The pontifical police, so far from selling them patents —licences for libertinism and debauchery—keeps a strict watch over them, inflicts the severest penalties, and endeavours to extirpate those cankerworms of physical and moral organization. To arrive at this praiseworthy object, the government favours all legitimate unions; even secret marriages meet with no obstacle. Nothing can be more simple than the formali-

ties used on these occasions: the parties demand permission of the vicegerent to marry, and they obtain it with as much ease as they would a passport. At the sight of the signature of this magistrate, the priest of the parish gives the nuptial benediction immediately: this is a consequence of that religious principle, which considers the desire of being married as a sacred sentiment, but very liable to be profaned if opposed. The government feels the necessity of using urgent measures in favour of marriage, and against public dissoluteness, that it may attenuate the exterminatory effects of celibacy, which undermines by degrees the most distinguished families, ambitious of ecclesiastical dignities; of monachism also, which invades the lowest ranks of society; and in short of that catholic castration, which tends to the suicide of the species, and is consequently much more culpable than the suicide of the individual.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

SIGNOR CAMUCCINI.

Virgile! Raphael! ô douleur! ô destin!
Tous deux sitôt ravis par le sort inhumain;
Tous deux ils ont pleuré sur leur gloire imparfaite.
Mais le temps ne peut rien sur les vers du poëte,
Et dans le Vatican, par le temps outragés,
Les traits de Raphael perissent négligés!

DELILLE.

If you wish to have an idea of Italy, do not read the greater part of the authors who have described it: they will leave you in the dark. That vivifying Sun, which floats in the deep azure of a constantly pure atmosphere; those convulsive mountains vomiting showers of burning rocks, and torrents of lava; those hills crowned with all the luxury of vegetation, from the summits of which foaming cascades precipitate themselves with noisy fury, while those rivers rolling along in silence at their feet distribute through the plain their liquid treasures of freshness and fecundity: they have not felt all this pomp of the elements; this classical nature has glided over their senses without making an impression on their soul. They have not been more successful in their observations on the manners and character of the people: what they relate of them is divested of frankness, ingenuousness, and above all of

that spirit of observation, without which descriptions have neither vigour nor grace.

But those insipid writers of voluminous travels, with whom a person in the finest country in the world finds himself in a desert, what have they seen in Italy? Nothing but coloured canvass, and chiseled marble. If victory transport these objects to another climate, Italy will to their eyes have changed its place. Rome for them will be no longer at Rome: it will be where there are pictures and statues. But ought we to blame those transports, with which the works of genius inspire sensible minds? Certainly not; I am the first to prostrate myself before those masterpieces of painting and sculpture. But I do not wish to confound enthusiasm with the quackery of the fine arts. The former receives profound and general impressions; it is the idea of the artist on the marble and on the canvass that strikes it: the latter admires only the details; it looks merely at the material part of the work, and will as easily fall into ecstasy before the antique fragment of a bass-relief as at seeing the *Apollo di Belvidere.* The one wishes to pass for a connoisseur; the sight of a chef-d'œuvre excites its little vanity: the other humiliates itself before the creation of genius.

If the great artists could return to life, and hear the majority of their admirers, who give an interpretation directly opposite to their intentions, falling into raptures at the defects, and criticising the beauties of their works; if they could see the commiseration of some people, *who weep over the poor Holophernes so cruelly*

put to death by Judith; would they ever take up a palette or chisel again? Would they not be filled with disgust at the manner in which they are judged? Perhaps their indignation would carry them so far as to destroy the best of their works. How many times have I sighed for them on hearing the impertinent observations of amateurs of sculpture and painting, who appear to come to Italy for no other purpose than to retail nonsense on the fine arts. They do not want for occupation of this kind: Rome of itself contains more than fifty palaces in which there are galleries of pictures and statues; to say nothing of the villas, which are almost as numerous, all containing some collections of this sort. The greater part of travellers would not have a quiet conscience, if they neglected seeing a single one of these private museums; and as a considerable time is necessary for this inspection, it often happens, that these people leave Rome without having seen any thing else. Their conductors take care to keep them breathing, and to show them through all the palaces. It is a very lucrative branch of commerce: a shoeblack from the corner of the street calls himself a *cicerone*, and undertakes to act as antiquary for half a dozen Englishmen, who give him so much a day, beside paying the domestics of the princes or cardinals to whom the galleries belong. These domestics settle accounts afterward with their masters.

Nous comptions quelquefois; il me donnait le soin
De fournir la maison de chandelle et de foin.

Cardinal Fe . . . exacts from his valet de chambre

the half of the tax levied upon the curious, and he has arranged the business in such a way, that it is difficult to deceive him. The valet does not scruple telling the amateurs, who are not sufficiently generous in their donations, that his share of the profits will be very small.

The cardinal, it is true, gives himself almost as much trouble as his lackey: whenever a party comes to pay a visit to his pictures, he always quits his apartments; he must be very unwell even not to leave his sleeping room, which is hung with pictures of all sorts from top to bottom, as well as all the other apartments of his palace. Not seeing any pictures of the French school in his gallery, I asked the reason of it: the lackey told me they were packed into one of the garrets, as at present there was no room to hang them up.

It is laughable to see groups of would-be connoisseurs falling into ecstasies before pretended original pictures of Dominichino, Raphael, &c. Very often they are only inferior copies. Raphael, who died young, must have lived as long as Methusalem, to have been the author of the innumerable pictures which are attributed to him by the impertinent effrontery of the lackeys, who show foreigners the museums of their masters. But there are so many people, who see every thing with the eyes of faith, and who are so intrepid in believing, that it is no difficult matter to deceive them; where simpletons abound, there will always be knaves.

For myself, I have been through only five or six galleries; my eyes are quite bedimmed, entirely satiated with the Titians, Carraccios, Michael Angeloes, Guidoes, &c. which have been shown me. The simple proposition of going to visit pictures makes me shudder; my heart shrinks within me, when I am menaced with being shown any chefs-d'œuvres. I would not mount ten steps, to see the most beautiful *Descent from the Cross*. It will be a long time before I forget the twenty-four rooms of cardinal Fe .... I would not return to them, if his eminence would give me twenty-four times his benediction, and exempt me from the tribute which it is necessary to pay to his avaricious porter.

What can be said of the palazzo Colonna, since almost all the originals which were formerly admired there have been sold, and replaced with feeble imitations? Of this number is the portrait of the beautiful *Cenci*, who, having been violated by her father, killed him, and was condemned to death for it by pope Alexander VII, who was heir to all her property. There is the palazzo Spada also, where a *Judith* is placed by the side of a *Lucretia*, a *Christ* close to a grotesque picture, and a *Holy Virgin and the Angel* by the side of a *Leda and the Swan*.

But that colossal statue, holding a globe in its ponderous hand, is, for believers, the statue of *Pompey*, at the foot of which Cæsar was assassinated. Pompey had too much taste, and above all too much pride, to suffer such a badly executed work to be baptized with

his name. The pictures in the palazzo Farnese interested me more than any others. Annibale Carracci has ornamented the ceilings with admirable frescoes. All the subjects are taken from heathen mythology: there is *Anchises untying the sandals of Venus, Ganymede carried off by Jupiter, Jupiter taking off the girdle of Juno.* These are rather lubricous paintings for one who was afterward beatified! No christian subjects are to be found there. What Voltaire said of Dunois might be applied to pope Paul III,

. . . . . *Il savait bien la fable;*
Pour lui la Bible eut des charmes moins doux.

The Farnese palace was built by Michael Angiolo, with stones plundered from the Coliseum. This palace is of noble architecture; but it is an accusing monument for the memory of the artist, who dared to lay a sacrilegious hand on one of the most majestic remains of ancient Rome, which had been respected even by Alaric and Atala. Paul III had the glory of destroying the Coliseum, and instituting the order of the Jesuits. Innocent VIII ruined the Gordian Arch to build a church; and Alexander VII demolished the beautiful pyramid of Scipio. What the barbarians spared has been destroyed by the popes, whose name is synonymous to destruction.

CAMUCCINI.

This artist is considered the first living painter in Italy. I saw two of his pictures, of very large dimensions, in the king's palace at Naples; one represents *the Death of Cæsar*, the other *the Death of Virginia*. The composition of the first is very fine; the conspirators are well grouped round Cæsar; the historical part of it is treated with a great deal of accuracy. There is an expression of irresolution in the countenance and posture of Cicero: he appears to be waiting the result before he gives or refuses his approbation. He is sitting in his curule chair in an elevated position, whence he views the bloody deed: his thoughts appear to be plunging into futurity, and to be calculating the results of this great event, first for his own interest, then for that of the republic. Cæsar is represented at the moment he pronounces the *tu quoque!* [thou, too, Brutus!] he is supporting himself on one knee, and his arm is extended paternally towards Brutus.

The painter has given Cæsar too theatrical an attitude: the folds of his mantle are executed with an art that savours of affectation; for certainly if dress ought to be deranged at any time, it is under circumstances like these. The expression of the face of Brutus is too much studied to be natural. In short, this picture is a good representation of actors performing *the Death of Cæsar*.

The picture of *Virginia* is very inferior to the other.

That young girl is so livid, she looks as though she had been dead twenty-four hours; yet she is represented at the moment when she receives the mortal blow. Her form also is too athletic. We naturally expect to find in the countenance of the decemvir passion frustrated at the moment it expected to seize its prey, with the rage of despotism obliged to submit to a still more imperious despotism, that of destiny. Instead of these divers expressions, the features are found in contradiction; and if he were not on his tribunal, we should suppose him to be a mere spectator, indignant at the sight of this horrid and cruel catastrophe. Thus in quitting Naples my opinion was more than half formed respecting Sig. Camuccini: yet I was very desirous of visiting him, and of seeing his painting room.

Signor Camuccini received me in the most polite and complaisant manner. His house is a little museum: he has displayed the greatest taste in the choice and classification of his pictures; they are almost all of them by the great masters. There is a child placing an olive wreath on a death's head: this correct allegory unites beauty of colouring to accuracy and severity of design. Of a *Christ upon the cross* it may be said, that this picture expresses the death and ascension of the Son of man at the same time; although his members are writhing with torture, his mild countenance has a tendency towards Heaven.

The perspicuous explanations, the ingenious and

choice observations of Sig. Camuccini, announce him to be a man whom taste has introduced into the sanctuary of the fine arts. From his house I went to his painting room, it was filled with pictures commenced and finished; several of which may be looked at with interest. But notwithstanding the desire I had to admire him, I felt compelled to make some critical observations.

"There are my jewels!" said Cornelia, daughter of the great Scipio, showing her children to a Roman lady, who was making a display of her diamonds. Certainly this is a subject for a picture chosen with exquisite discernment; but the execution of it appears to me very feeble. Where is the noble disdain? where is the maternal satisfaction and pride of the mother of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus? Where is the ambition for honors, the enthusiasm for liberty, which should already animate the countenance of Tiberius? Where is the fire of his looks, disclosing a soul impatient at being still imprisoned by his adolescent members? All this without doubt existed in the mind of Sig. Camuccini, but he has not expressed it on the canvass.

There was an easel picture, representing Scipio triumphing over his passion for a young and charming captive, and restoring her to her parents in all the purity of her virgin beauty. The painter has almost annulled this great action of the consul, he has given him a physiognomy so cold and impassible. He ap-

pears to say: "I care very little about her; I can find a thousand handsomer than she is."

Signor Camuccini does not give way sufficiently to the impulse of his imagination: he attaches himself too much to the technical part of his art; he has not sufficient confidence in himself. His precise pencil, in searching after talent, appears to have forgotten genius. Thus the greatest reproach, which this celebrated painter deserves, is having an excess of modesty; a defect, of which artists easily correct themselves.

Italy, with respect to painting, lives on its past rather than on its present glory; and it is not a heresy to say, that French painters of the third class may be compared to the first Italian painters.

CANOVA.

Un bloc de marbre était si beau
Qu'un statuaire en fit l'emplette.
Qu'en fera, dit-il, mon ciseau?
Sera-t-il dieu, table, ou cuvette?
Il sera dieu!

LA FONTAINE.

CANOVA enjoys a more than European reputation, fully justified by his merit, and which is rendered still more splendid by his modesty and disinterestedness. Some have felt an ill-will towards him for having presided at the Louvre, when it was despoiled of the chefs-d'œuvre of Italy; his conduct has been qualified with the appellation of *Vandalism;* his title of ambassador parodied by that of *emballeur* (packer). Is there not more acrimony than justice in these reproaches? Are they not dictated by an exaggerated national feeling, which, being identified with conquest, calls that pillage which is only restitution? But the treaties, they say, implicitly guaranteed to us the possession of these objects! Was it incumbent on Canova, to discuss the letter or the spirit of those diplomatic acts? Let me ask his accusers, if they could set their friends or relations at liberty after a long captivity, would they hesitate in doing so? If then the ties of genius are as strong as those of blood, Canova only rescued his re-

lations and friends in taking back to Italy the Apollo, the Venus, and a number of other living marbles. They were our prisoners: what scruple could he have in restoring them to their native or adoptive country, the land of the fine arts? These creatures of genius were melancholy in our gloomy climate; its cold temperature petrified them; they required the sun of Italy, that sun which at their birth had encircled them with its vivifying heat. Warmed by its rays they have now recovered their primitive animation; their members have resumed all their flexibility and nobleness; the light and pure air that circulates around their harmonious forms gives them an ethereal beauty, which appears an emanation from the divinities they represent.

At the Louvre, the *Apollo di Belvidere* was only a statue: at the Vatican he is again become a god. The Venus de Medicis, prostituted on the banks of the Seine by the gaze of a multitude incapable of appreciating such sublime productions, has resumed on the banks of the Arno the empire of pudicity, the brightest ornament of beauty.

Go there and admire those wonders, you who blame Canova, and your reproaches will expire upon your lips.

I was very impatient to know him, and to read in his features the impression stamped upon them by genius. I represented him to myself as having in his retinue all the great men and demigods, who have received new life from his noble productions. I went to

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his *studio*, where there were some horses of colossal size. A man with an apron on attracted my attention: I took him for a workman, when the marquis di Gargallo, who was to introduce me, embraced him with enthusiasm. It was Canova; his working costume then appeared to me quite poetical: he brought to my mind Apollo working at the walls of Troy.

But what is that superb animal? Is it one of the coursers of the Sun? Or is it Neptune disguised as a horse?

Stare loco nescit, micat auribus, et tremit artus,
Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

The hand of his Prometheus has yet but modelled him in clay, and he already runs, flies, and sets distance at defiance. Is love or glory the object of his ardour? his pointed ears announce that he has heard the trumpet's piercing sound, or the neighing of his impetuous mistress. What vigour, elegance, and harmony in all his members! How the eye glides with pleasure over the rounded contours of his fine body! He seems to say to his creator, "What mortal, or what demigod, will you dare to place upon my virgin back?" I put the same question to Canova. "Ferdinand I, king of the two Sicilies," was his answer.

"He is certainly a dismounted king," exclaimed I. "A king trodden under foot! Have you considered this?"

"It so happens," replied Canova, "that my horses

never bring good fortune to their royal riders: the horse you see there was to have carried three great sovereigns of Europe successively: all of them descended from their thrones, before I had time to mount them."

By a natural transition, we passed from the horses to the Centaur vanquished by Theseus. Canova put a fine horse to a lingering death, that he might represent all the gradations of agony, and take Death in the fact. Theseus has his knee firmly fixed on his rival's chest; he is seizing him by the throat with his left hand, with the other he is lifting his formidable club. The Centaur is on his haunches; his belly touches the ground; from the trembling of his nerves, and the tension of his muscles, it is easy to imagine his painful efforts, and we participate in his anguish. What torment that marble is suffering! Like the *Laocoon*, it is in agony from head to foot. I touched it to convince myself that it was not palpitating: it was not the cold from the marble, but the chill of death which I felt, and which had already seized the unfortunate Centaur. Hold, Theseus! suspend that mortal blow; do not destroy that superb creature, which does so much honour to its author. I have some hope, that the hero will listen to my prayer, for his arm is not lifted high enough; he is not in the act of striking the blow, but of raising his club: this perhaps is a defect. It would be better also if Theseus had a little more animation, and the efforts he has made in this terrible conflict were

more perceptible. Theseus was only a demigod; it was the exclusive privilege of the gods, to be calm in the midst of victory. The countenance, action, and attitude in general of the hero are not sufficiently heroic; Theseus is not quite disengaged from the marble. But the Centaur has struggled dreadfully before being thrown to the ground, and insults his conqueror even in his last moments.

Tread lightly for fear of awakening that sleeping nymph; be careful not to interrupt her pleasing dream, which lulls her with voluptuous illusions. How she smiles at her thoughts, which her burning desires have clothed in the most seducing forms! Her lips, half open, appear to quiver under the impression of imaginary kisses. If, with her eyes closed, her countenance have so much expression, what will it have when those fine eyes, sparkling with the triple splendor of youth, beauty, and love, are seen reflecting the features of the elect of her heart? I sat down before this beautiful creature; I contemplated her charms with increasing admiration. Sculpture and poetry have united their efforts in forming this bewitching nymph. This alliance is the grand secret of the art. The poetical code ought to govern the sculptor as well as the painter; they must both submit themselves to the dominion of unity; without this, they may perhaps draw admiration, but they will never fix it.

In nature, movement is life: but repose is life in sculpture; it is repose that actuates the imagination of

the observer. A pretension to movement in sculpture fatigues the mind. What a painful sensation a person undergoes at the sight of statues that represent the action of dancing or running! It is a poltron promising courage, a eunuch virility.

These impotencies are manifested by the reality of contrary qualities: these dancers and runners are sculptured falsehoods; in sculpture, as in poetry,

Rien n'est beau que le vrai.....

The ancients were never guilty of similar incongruities; there is always absolute or relative repose in their works. Observe the *Laocoon*: in what horrible repose are those unfortunate creatures enchained by the serpents, which are themselves immoveable, so firmly are their teeth fixed in the members they are tearing! What unity of interest! The father and children form but a single compound of physical and moral torments. What unity of action! They are going to expire upon the marble; in your idea they are already expiring. This group is the triumph of poetical sculpture: it inspired Virgil with some of his finest verses.

You are never tired of admiring the masterly productions of Canova, particularly his colossal group, representing Hercules at the moment he is going to hurl Lichas into the sea; Lichas who had brought him the fatal present from Dejanira. The unhappy wretch is clinging to an altar: he will be snatched from it with as much ease as a leaf is driven before the fury of

Boreas; you think you see him describing an immense parabola in the air, then plunging into the foaming billows.

Canova, however, the Praxiteles of Rome, has not been able to cast that detestable monster Envy into the abyss: the serpent Python has introduced itself into his workshop, and has sought an asylum at the feet of the three Graces, and behind the buckler of Mars. Canova has in vain restored to Rome the gods under whom it held the empire of the world: I have heard artists dare to form a parallel between him and a Danish sculptor, whose works are colder than the ice of his country, and who appears to have been working with a chisel in one hand and a head of Medusa in the other. It cannot be denied, however, but that this septentrional artist has some talent for bas-reliefs; but with talent alone a person is only a journeyman in sculpture: to excel in the art of Phidias, genius is necessary. This perhaps is the reason why there are so many painters and so few sculptors.

Canova was admitted to the familiarity of Napoleon: he was very often at Malmaison with him and the empress Josephine. The warrior jested with the artist. "You make conquests on marble," said he; "they are harder than mine."

"And perhaps more durable," answered Canova. And he advised him to repose upon his trophies, to enjoy his power, and not to put a destiny to the proof, which had been so many times fixed by victory.

The emperor laughed at the sculptor's fears, and

answered, "I engage in new battles as you make new statues."

"The case is very different," replied Canova: "an artist ought never to stop in the career of the fine arts. He ought to march from conquest to conquest: mediocrity alone thinks it has obtained its object. But a thousand dangers accompany the warrior in the road of ambition. Recollect Julius Cæsar and a number of others."

"You think then the ides of March are to be dreaded on my account?"

"Your death is less to be apprehended than a defeat!"

"I do not fear either," replied Napoleon; "both of them would find me as firm as your statues."

After Napoleon had married Maria Louisa, he appeared disappointed that Canova had not complimented him on the occasion. "Ought I to congratulate you," said the latter, "for having divorced fortune?"

MIRACLES.

FATHER CIPOLLA *

Les miracles sont bons; mais soulager son frère,
Mais des infortunés adoucir la misère,
Mais à ses ennemis pardonner leurs vertus,
Est un plus grand miracle, et qui ne se fait plus.

THEY who wish to go through a complete course of miracles must go to Rome; there they will find wherewithal to satisfy themselves: there is not a church that does not possess some miraculous relic. In this respect, modern Rome is much superior to the ancient city. Romulus took it into his head to have a budding lance; but Saint Christopher surpassed him with a staff bearing fruit. If Numa Pompilius had interviews with the nymph Egeria, almost all the popes have had conversations with the Virgin, the saints, or with God himself. An angel appeared to Gregory I on the top of the mausoleum of Adrian, and announced to him, by putting his sword into the scabbard, the cessation of the plague that ravaged Rome: hence the name of Castello Sant Angiolo was given to the tomb of Adrian. The church of *Santa Maria del Popolo*, which, among other relics, contains the navel of Jesus Christ, is also remarkable for its origin: on the spot where it is built

* *Father Onion.*

an old walnut-tree extended its thick and knotty branches, on which were perched thousands of devils making the most diabolical antics and grimaces at the passers by; pope Pasqual II exorcised this walnut-tree, and the people, out of gratitude for this happy event, caused the church of *Santa Maria del Popolo* to be built *at their own expense.* Almost all the churches owe their existence to some miraculous apparition. Have the temples of the Pagans ever had a similar honor? No, not even the most celebrated. What demigod laid the first stone of the Pantheon? It was a flatterer of Augustus; and certainly a flatterer does not much resemble a demigod. It will be said, that Apollo built the walls of Troy. Yes, but it was as a man that he performed this work; the books of the hierophantes do not say, that he was a god and man at the same time: consequently we are not obliged to believe so. Besides, a god driven from Heaven and a dethroned king very much resemble each other; it is with difficulty we can make a mason or a schoolmaster of them; they are very happy to be considered as men.

It cannot then be denied, that the churches of Rome surpass in sanctity all the temples of profane worship. Polytheism is also outdone by popery with respect to miraculous images. Statues of Jupiter, Saturn, Pluto, Leda, what cripple or blind man have you ever cured? Not one: with difficulty you sweated a few drops of blood at the death of Cæsar. Resign your places then,

without murmuring, to the statues of . . . . . : What do I say! the most simple, the most shapeless images of the Italian churches, can not only perspire and weep as occasion may demand, but they do things that enrapture us with admiration. The picture of Jesus Christ begun by Nicodemus and finished by angels, that of Jesus Christ painted by himself, what wonderful prodigies have they not operated! I shall say nothing of a painting of the Virgin Mary, that removed the infant Jesus from one arm to the other, at the moment a stone was about to strike its head. Then as to relics; what treasures of them are hoarded up in the church of San Giovanni in Laterano, from the ark of the covenant down to the tail of Balaam's ass! I ask in what pagan temple the tail of Pegasus is to be found? for, if we may judge from our poetry, this courser has been dead a long time.

The pagan gods, it is true, took it into their heads occasionally to resuscitate a few dead persons: Diana made Hippolytus issue from his tomb. But said papist Rome to ancient Rome, if miracles be all that are wanted to convince you, I will overwhelm you with them. Not only all the saints, but also their statues, pictures, relics, and even the relics of animals that have been attached to them, have operated prodigies for the purpose of maintaining a worship, which is in itself a prodigy, and which proves how powerful the levers of fear and hope are upon mortal minds, when they are placed in able hands.

I have not yet had the good fortune to be *an ocular witness of any miracle;* but I take pleasure in informing myself of all those that have been and will be performed for the edification of the faithful. I have made a very large collection of them; and I shall be able some day, for the expiation of my sins, to publish a small Anthology or Flower of Miracles, which will serve as a companion to the *Flower of the Saints.*

A short time ago I was examining the tomb, which the Jesuits have erected to their colleague Luigi di Gonzaga. He was a young monk, endowed with the most happy dispositions, adroit, supple, and enterprising; of an indefatigable patience and docility; and disguising an unbounded ambition under a modest and reserved exterior; in short, he was born a Jesuit. The society fixed upon him the most extensive hopes: he died. In despair at not being able to make a conquering missionary of him, or a king's confessor, the Jesuits made a saint of him, with all the prerogatives attached to this title.

Observing near his mausoleum a sloping hole, I inquired the use of it. "It is to receive letters," answered a *fate-bene-fratello*, a young monk with whom I was conversing.

"What! a letter-box near a tomb! To correspond with whom?"

"With saint Luigi di Gonzaga."

"Must the letters be franked?"

"A *mezzo paolo* at least" (about threepence) "must be put in with them."

"At what time does the post go?"

"At all hours."

"I perceive: the post of Death sets out at any moment. What are people permitted to ask of this saint?"

"Any thing they wish for, spiritual or temporal. The devout have a special confidence in his protection, and write to him often; but on the day of his festival the letters are so numerous, that there are sufficient to load....."

"A number of asses: I know. But tell me, if you please, does saint Luigi answer the letters that are addressed to him?"

"Do you doubt it?"

"Very much." The monk, perceiving my incredulity, expressed his pity for me by a silent gesture, and left me to go and attend to his pious exercises.

I questioned earnestly a number of respectable people: some of them affirmed, that saint Luigi answered all the letters; others, that he answered only a part of them, or perhaps not any of them. I found myself in the situation of a number of persons, who are tormented with the desire of believing something; it kills them to remain in doubt: their credulity must have a bone to gnaw. "I will go and see the master of the chamber of his holiness," said I; "he will deliver me from this perplexity." The prelate Riario Sforza answered me in the style of the pontifical court: neither yes, nor no. "If you wish to be relieved from this state of perplexity," said the son of the marquis di Gargallo, "I advise you to consult the reverend father

Gabriel Cipolla, *attorney general of the Franciscans.* This monk is very well versed in the science of miracles of every sort. "He is a friend of mine: if you wish it, I will introduce you to him." I accepted his offer with eagerness. Father Cipolla received us with the greatest kindness. This monk, who was about sixty, but in full health, was sitting before a crucifix, and turning over the leaves of a large book. After having directed toward me a penetrating side glance, he signified, that he was ready to listen to me. I exposed to him, in as few words as possible, the object of my visit. Father Onion, after having considered for a moment, said, "It appears to me, that a permanent miracle is a great miracle, and requires a strict examination. I know very well, that letters are addressed to saint Luigi and other saints; but as for the answers, I have never seen one of them."

"What would become of us, reverend father, if seeing were always necessary to belief? As for the permanence, there is an example of it in the miracle of saint Gennaro, which is performed at Naples regularly twice a year."

"For this reason," replied father Onion, "the miracle is known to every body; few people, however, have ever heard of the answers of saint Luigi to the letters addressed to him."

"That is true, reverend father; but it may so happen, that saint Luigi recommends secrecy to those he condescends to answer: suppose, for instance, that

you were in correspondence with this beatified individual, and he ordered you to say nothing about it, certainly you would not disobey him: this convinces me, that, beside the miracles which are wrought openly, there are a number performed clandestinely."

Instead of answering me, father Onion fixed his eyes upon me with a look of inquietude. I presented my countenance perfectly tranquil to the inquisition of his observations. "But," said he, after a short silence, "you are the first Frenchman I have heard making inquiries about similar matters: may I ask, what is your motive for these researches?"

"Another, reverend father, would tell you, that his taste for miracles proceeded from a desire of corroborating his faith; but I will not take to myself a merit, which does not belong to me: the truth is, I am passionately fond of any thing that is supernatural; I like to note down what I hear, and as amateurs of natural history make a collection of simples and insects, so I make a collection of miracles; it is an agreeable amusement for me to class them in different series, according as they are more or less marvellous; in short, I occupy myself exclusively with the science of miracles. You will think, without doubt, that this pastime is rather whimsical."

"However this may be," replied father Onion, "there is nothing blameable in it. And who, in your opinion, is the greatest worker of miracles?"

Father Cipolla said this with an arch and almost

imperceptible smile: he thought to take me unprepared. I answered with the greatest gravity, that it was Saint Antonio di Padua. "Saint Antonio di Padua!" replied the monk, with an air of disapprobation; "and what has he done, that you give him the preference above all the Roman saints? What dead has he ever recalled to life?"

"Reverend father, I should not assign to Saint Antonio di Padua the highest rank among the miracle-makers, if he had contented himself with merely bringing the dead to life. This is the most common sort of miracle; it is liable to be contested: cavillers maintain, that there has been an understanding between the resuscitator and the person resuscitated. If you prove to them the contrary, then they pretend it was only a lethargy. In short, there is no end of arguing with such incredulous people. To confound them, and to obviate all these objections, Saint Antonio di Padua operated his prodigies upon beasts: thus it cannot be said, that there was any connivance. In the cathedral of Milan I have admired several pictures representing the prodigies of Saint Antonio. In one place a mule is seen abandoning his corn, to adore the holy wafer: the saint shows this act of piety of the mule to a heretic, and converts him. The inscription attests the fact in these words: *Mostra sant' Antonio di Padova un giumento lasciar la biada per adorare la Santa Ostia, e ne convince un eretico.* (St. Anthony of Padua shows a beast of burden leaving his

corn to adore the holy wafer, and thus converts a heretic). In another picture the saint orders some bees to make a globe of wax to hold the holy wafer, which had fallen by accident into a heap of mud; the bees obey him, and carry their divine burden to Heaven. I could quote a number of other miracles; but that of the mule leaving his corn to worship a wafer gives a decided superiority to Saint Antonio above all his rivals."

Father Onion, perceiving by the enthusiasm which animated my narration, that I had a decided predilection for the study of miracles, had the complaisance to call one of his monks, and directed him to inquire of father Anselmo, whether saint Luigi answered the letters which were addressed to him. "Not of father Anselmo," replied the monk, "for he believes in no miracles, but such as are possible."

"*Voi siete un balordo*," (you are a blockhead,) replied father Onion; "do as I desire you, and do not forget it."

I then took my leave of the attorney-general of the Franciscans, telling him, that I should abide by the decision of father Anselmo.

THE CEREMONIES

OF THE ANNUNCIATION, OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CORONATION, AND OF PALM SUNDAY.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici.
HORAT.

A PERSON has scarcely had time to commend the government of Rome for some wise institution, when another of quite a contrary nature presents itself, and obliges him to change his praises into reproaches. It seems to find pleasure in destroying with one hand what it has constructed with the other: it is like Saturn devouring his children. Yesterday I was applauding the measures employed by the government to increase the population, to restrain prostitution, and to facilitate conjugal union; to-day there is the festival of the Annunciation, which has quite a contrary tendency.

The Holy Father went in great pomp to the church belonging to the convent of the Dominicans, situate in a place astonished at hearing itself called Minerva. It is difficult to conceive, how they have forgotten to rebaptize this place: it was not more difficult to change Minerva into a chaste Susanna, than to metamorphose Jupiter into Saint Peter.

'An officer of the pontifical guard placed me very commodiously to see the ceremony. After the mass, three hundred and twenty girls, dressed in white, marched by in procession. Two hundred and forty of them received a dowry of thirty Roman piastres for their marriage, and eighty a dowry of sixty piastres to become nuns. The latter had crowns upon their heads, symbols of their virginity, or of the celestial crown to which they aspired. Surprised at finding nearly the whole of them without either youth or beauty, I asked a Dominican, who was near me, the reason of it. He answered, that these girls were substitutes; and that they who received the dowry dispensed with the ceremony from motives of modesty or some other reason. In fact, I interrogated several of them who were opposite to me, and they all confirmed what the Dominican had said. I suspected, that a number of abuses attend the distribution of these portions, to conceal which, they who obtained them were allowed to be absent, and send other girls in their place, to receive the pope's benediction, to which they did not apparently attach any great importance. I cannot imagine why those destined to be nuns should receive double the dowry of those intended for marriage: children occasion more expense than rosaries. Clement IV thought so, for he gave a hundred crowns to his eldest daughter on her marriage, and only ten to the other who took the veil.

All these substitutes for virgins, after having played

their immaculate parts, returned home, each with her bag of money and her benediction.

Immediately afterward my curiosity was awakened by a spectacle entirely new to me: the pope, his forehead ornamented with the triple crown, seated upon a superb arm-chair of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, was raised, with a great deal of caution, upon the shoulders of twelve men, all the seams of whose dress were covered with a stripe of yellow. I forgot the dignity of the sovereign pontiff, and saw only a venerable old man presented to the reverence of the people. Pius VII smiled benignantly on the hereditary princes of Denmark and Bavaria, who were placed in a private gallery. He gave his benediction to all the others, without raising his hand, which rested upon the chair, giving it only a slight oscillatory movement. I never before had seen people blessed so laconically. On a level with the head of the Holy Father, to the right and left, were carried two large fans of peacocks' feathers. The luxury of the pope's dress, by the side of the plumage of this proud bird, presented an extraordinary combination. Was it to warn the pope to be on his guard against the vain pomp that surrounded him? or are these peacocks' feathers borrowed from the religion of Brama? for the religion of Rome has nothing of its own, not even the dress of its ministers: all is borrowed from the Indians, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans.

When the pope had descended from his seat, they

took off his crown and covered his head with a large red hat of the same shape as those worn by the Jesuits. Accompanied by his treasurer and chamberlain, he tottered slowly to his carriage, which resembled a very old-fashioned sedan-chair. They entered it with him, and he returned to his palace of the Quirinal, blessing the multitude all the way.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

The coronation, or exaltation of the pope, is celebrated every year with great solemnity in the chapel of the Quirinal palace. The religious etiquette is nearly the same as that of Ash Wednesday: the cardinals have their trains spread out and twisted up; they salute each other, lay their hands on each other's shoulders, take off their skullcaps and put them on again; the eunuchs sing; the pope also sings a little, but takes no other active part in the business. There are two cardinals, to extend his long pontifical mantle over his feet. Cardinal Gonsalvi, the secretary of state, placed the mitre on the Holy Father's head; he put it on, and took it off, five or six times. Another cardinal has the privilege of taking off and putting on the white skullcap of his Holiness. The pope must feel his poor head very much fatigued in having it skullcapped and unskullcapped, mitred and unmitred every instant; but he resigns himself to all this etiquette for the good of the church.

PALM SUNDAY.

This ceremony, which takes place in the same chapel, does not offer any thing very interesting either religious or allegorical. The cardinals again unroll their long trains like peacocks, and go and receive a palm branch, five or six feet long, from the hands of his Holiness. The leaves of these branches are curiously interwoven, so as to resemble long straw-coloured rolls. The stems were more or less ornamented, according to the dignity of the person who received them; olive branches only were distributed to the common herd, to the catholic populace. They must be very much infatuated with distinctions to apply them to leaves of trees; but pride attaches an importance to the most trivial things, and turns them to its advantage. I should not be surprised, if the ashes destined for the cardinals were passed through a finer sieve than those intended for the rest of the clergy. It is amusing to see vanity introducing itself into those Roman ceremonies, which were instituted to suppress vanity. This festival of the palms is a revival of that of the Greeks: the Athenians called it the festival of the Oschophoria. Girls and boys, dressed in white, walked through the streets, waving consecrated branches of the fig and olive tree, and singing hymns to Cybele, to thank her for her fecundity. Theseus was the first, it is said, who instituted this solemnity. The following was what gave origin to it. The conqueror of the Minotaur, having

obtained, by his supplications and sacrifices to the gods, the return of abundance, wished to perpetuate the remembrance of this favour by the festival of the Oschophoria. The details of it are to be found in Plutarch.

Ancient Rome adopted, with the religion of the Greeks, almost all its ceremonies; and Constantine, not to shock too greatly the minds of the people, on whom he was imposing a new worship, did not abolish the festivals of Paganism. By this means the transition became insensible. I do not pretend to establish a parallel between the festival of the Oschophoria of the Athenians and that of the palms of papist Rome. The first, it is true, is more poetic, it speaks more to the imagination, but the second is more holy.

After the ceremony Pius VII was very talkative, and amongst other reflections of Napoleon, he cited the following to Signor Riario Sforza, his chamberlain, who repeated it to me—*I govern the French with an iron hand covered with a glove.*

This quotation of the pope's was so much the more surprising, as he never speaks of the emperor but with a benevolent admiration. At his return from the island of Elba, he addressed the warmest congratulations to the prince of Canino on the *miraculous apparition;* at the same time assuring Lucian, that the Lord's anointed should always have the support of him who had anointed him. When the modern Prometheus was enchained upon the rock of St. Helena, after having stolen fire

from Heaven (for genius is a celestial fire), Pius VII did not join the vultures that devoured him; he did not insult him, whom he had offered to the veneration of the people in imprinting on his brow the seal of the divinity; and he thought, that if vulgar souls crouch before unlimited power, the wise, and those who have sensible hearts, ought to behold with respect a great mind calmly wrestling with great adversity.

THE DISCIPLES OF LOYOLA.

Le ciel défend, de vrai, certains contentemens ;
Mais on trouve avec lui des accommodemens !
Selon divers besoins, il est une science
D'étendre les liens de notre conscience,
Et de rectifier le mal de l'action
Avec la pureté de notre intention.

DOCTRINE DES JESUITES*.

THE Jesuits were instituted by Paul III; the infallible pope Clement XIV issued a bull, which annulled the decree that gave them birth; and Pius VII, the late infallible pope, by setting aside the bull of the infallible pope Clement XIV, has reinstated the society of the Jesuits in all its rights, privileges, &c. We here see a number of infallibilities in opposition. So much the better; this renders the mystery more interesting: it is another reason why we should believe in it. *Credo quia absurdum,* said Saint Augustin.

Do not imagine, that Pius VII took the trouble to

* The method of *directing the intention* consists in proposing to ourselves, for the end of our actions, an object that is permitted; thus we correct the vice of the means by the purity of the end. *(Septième Lettre Provinciale.)*—Moliere has often versified Pascal in the speeches of Tartuffe, a true Jesuit, who exhibits in his conduct the principles of the society.

have the cause of the Jesuits revived; the court of the Quirinal is not so tardy in its proceedings; it said, "Let the society of Jesus return to life," and it rose from its ashes with greater nimbleness than the bird of Arabia, to which it is well worthy of being compared.

To see this phenix in its nest, to study its manners, was a desire that accompanied me from Paris to Rome. However great my impatience might be to satisfy it, I was obliged to use a number of precautions not to awaken suspicion.

The prelate Riario, to whom I had extolled the institution of the Jesuits as one of the most admirable inventions of the human mind, had the goodness to recommend me to the general of the order, and to give me a letter to father Grassi, secretary of the provincial father, who had the direction of all the Jesuits of Italy.

I went to their convent, which may be considered the head quarters of the society. This immense building, of beautiful architecture, is contiguous to the church of Jesus. "Father Grassi is confessing at this moment," said a Jesuit to whom I addressed myself.

"When he has finished, I request you will tell him, that I come from monsignore the chamberlain of his Holiness."

"In that case he will come directly," was the answer.

"No, I will wait until he has done confessing."

"That would be indecorous," said the monk, quitting me hastily. I saw him returning with father Grassi, who had left his penitent.

I made a number of apologies for having disturbed him: father Grassi answered me with a great deal of civility. I was surprised at his open, fresh, and even attractive countenance. I viewed him from head to foot: I found nothing of the Jesuit in his person. He spoke French very well. He had been a missionary in different parts of America, which I had visited. Our travels established a sort of communication between our ideas. There was novelty in his observations, acuteness and rapidity in his perceptions; he listened with attention, and answered the smallest questions with precision.

"Are you desirous," said he, "of exploring our convent? it will be a new world for you."

"You have anticipated my wishes, reverend father."

"Let us first of all go to the library. Do not imagine, that it was bought with our money: it was a legacy of Cardinal ..... Here is a Quintus Curtius, with marginal notes by queen Christina.

"You have excited my curiosity: let us examine it. What bold observations! How lightly she treats Alexander! In one place she says, *He has reasoned badly in this circumstance.* In another she puts herself in the place of the hero, and adds, *I should have done quite the contrary, I should have pardoned.* And farther on, *I should have used clemency.* Queen Chris-

tina," continued I to father Grassi, "had a fine theory of clemency; but she was not very scrupulous in the practice of it: while writing these notes she had forgotten all the circumstances of the atrocious murder, which she caused to be executed in France before her own eyes. She spoke like a lamb, and acted like a tigress; she has written here with a dove's quill, but on the walls of Fontainebleau she has traced characters of blood with a pen of iron."

I then recounted to father Grassi all the details of the murder of Monaldeschi: although a Jesuit, he appeared to be indignant at the recital.

The reverend father, seeing that the notes of Christina attracted my attention, obligingly gave me permission to copy as many as I pleased of them. "I accept your offer thankfully," said I, "on condition that you return and finish confessing the person with whom you were engaged on my arrival."

"There is no hurry," replied the monk.

"Excuse me, the salvation of the penitent perhaps may be endangered: in listening to your pious exhortations he would, without doubt, have obtained *the power of approaching attrition*, which would have led him to *sufficient grace*, which would have conducted him to *efficacious grace*, which would have saved him; but the impatience which perhaps he suffers at this moment may ruin the whole affair. I conjure you, father Grassi, to return to your holy tribunal, and let not the satisfaction, which I experience in your con-

versation, be troubled by the recollections of the perplexity, which a pious soul is groaning under on account of my visit."

"I find I must obey you," said he with the greatest politeness: "I will return to you in an instant. You will find other information respecting queen Christina in that book."

I took the book, and found in it a very singular description of her Swedish majesty's person. The following is a translation of the notes which I took from it:

"This princess appears to be about sixty; of very low stature; her body very large, overcharged with fat, and thick-limbed; a masculine visage; sunburnt complexion; blue eyes rolling in vast orbits; thick and light-coloured eyebrows; a large nose; a thick and projecting lower lip; a double chin, on which are scattered long hairs, reposes itself on a bosom on which other hairs appear: all this vegetation is of a different colour from the hair on the crown of her head, which bristles up like the quills of an angry porcupine." So much for her person. The following is her dress:—"A broad black riband, tied in a bow, serves as a cravat; a coat like a man's surtout, made of black satin, buttoned, and reaching to the knee; over this coat, a sash tied below the waist confines this part of her person, and shows the rotundity of it; a short black petticoat exposes to view a shoe like that of a man, and a foot, the largeness of which does not admit

a very favourable judgment of the other charms of this princess."

I think, certainly, that the Laplanders, over whom she reigned, could never have disputed with her the sceptre of ugliness. A number of persons are of opinion, that in this frightful body inhabited a still more frightful guest. Although she liked harsh and sanguinary measures, yet she highly disapproved of the conduct of her cousin Louis XIV in sending dragoons to Cevennes to murder the Protestants: she blamed the manner of preaching of those missionaries, and the system of gaining men's hearts by presenting a stiletto to the breast. Perhaps a little jealous spite might enter into her criticisms. Having renounced the exercise of her divine right, it displeased her to see others make use of it.

Christina Alexander was born in 1626, and died at Rome on the 19th of April, 1689. She received this second name from pope Alexander VII, who was her godfather when she abjured her religion. She had, by her will, requested to be interred in the Pantheon; but Innocent XI was pleased to bury her in Saint Peter's: this princess showed but little humility in wishing to figure among all the gods or all the saints.

A number of persons, admiring the abdication of a diadem as a great act of virtue and strength of mind, have believed Christina to be a philosopher, and have imagined, that she embraced the religion of Rome for no other reason than to live there with greater liberty,

and to be more at her ease. This opinion would not have been so easily established, if they had known, that foreigners of different religious sects lived at Rome at that period, and still live there, more independently than the Catholics; consequently, none of the supposed motives could have induced Christina to abjure her religion. Was it not her design to become a second pope Joan? Was her disgust for power only in appearance?

The return of father Grassi interrupted the course of my reflections. He had promptly expedited his penitent: I saw plainly that he had made use of those rapid means of confession, by which, according to the maxims of the casuists of his order, *a taint of guilt may be as quickly effaced as contracted.*

"Shall we continue our inspection?" said he.

"Most willingly, reverend father."

After having examined a few other curiosities of the library, we went through the long corridors, which form immense parallelograms up to the third story of the convent. In this story were the chambers of the monks; each had his name written on his door. *Il padre Candido* was the first that presented itself to my view: what a name for a Jesuit! At present there are but a hundred and seventy-five monks; but in the time of their prosperity this convent contained an army of them.

We arrived at last at an elegant gallery ornamented with fresco paintings of good taste. There were

paintings on the windows also. "These are the miraculous events of the life of saint Ignatius," said my conductor. In saying these words a metamorphosis had taken place in the voice, eyes, and countenance of the Jesuit: it was a complete transfiguration; he had juggled away his original physiognomy. I perceived that he was desirous of elevating himself to the sublimity of his subject; pretending not to observe it, I requested him to give me an explanation of each picture.

He then, with a sentimental tone, related to me how, saint Ignatius having had his leg broken at the siege of Pampeluna, saint Peter appeared to him, cured it, and engaged him to fight under his banners. "You must acknowledge," I observed, "that saint Ignatius would have been very unpolite to have refused saint Peter; if this apostle were to do me the honour to come and set my leg, my arm should be instantly dedicated to his service."

Father Grassi made no reply; but there was disapprobation in his silence. I then pretended to be very much affected: I do not know whether it was the influence of the place, but I was quite surprised to find I had an aptitude for dissimulation. He then showed me saint Ignatius writing the statutes of the order, dictated by an angel, and changing his clothes for the tattered garments of a beggar. At length we arrived at the last picture, which represented saint Ignatius playing at billiards. "This is not one of the

smallest of the saint's miracles," observed father Grassi. "A young man, very expert at this game, and in whose conversion saint Ignatius took a great interest, told him one day, that he would be converted, if Loyola could beat him at billiards. Ignatius accepted the conditions, and although he had never before touched either a cue or a ball, he won the game. The young man kept his word, and became a fervent Jesuit."

"This is what may be called performing miracles in play." Fortunately father Grassi did not perceive the irony of this observation; if he had, he would not have granted me the distinguished favour of showing me the chamber, where Ignatius di Loyola lived and died.

Two altars were erected in this cell. On all sides there were short inscriptions. Above a small chimney-piece was the following: "It was in this fireplace that saint Ignatius, after having invoked Heaven, burnt a great number of letters, which had been addressed to him by his relations." A very laconic manner of answering them! A great number of ministers, without being saints, treat their correspondents in the same way. Father Grassi opened a sort of cupboard, that I might admire a statue of saint Ignatius in the same sacerdotal dress, which he wore at the time of his death. "The French," said he, "took away the gold lace from the cope."

"The French! that is impossible, reverend father; they have too great a respect for this saint. It must

have been some Jew, a dealer in gold lace, who called himself a Frenchman." Fortunately they have repaired this defect. The Jesuit informed me, that none of the furniture of the room had been changed, and that the door was the same as in the time of saint Ignatius. I was on the point of telling him, that the same respect had been paid to Voltaire's room at Paris and at Ferney: but I suddenly recollected myself.

We visited the refectory, where the greatest cleanliness prevailed. He informed me, that all the monks, from the Jesuit scullion to the general, had the same fare. I say the scullion, because no secular is permitted to serve the order: every living soul is a Jesuit.

Father Grassi felt as much satisfaction in pointing out to me every thing curious in the vestry and in the church of Jesus, as an elegant Parisian lady would in displaying the folds of a rich Cashmere shawl. "Take notice," said he, "of that mosaic pavement, and of the altar of saint Ignatius, ornamented with four columns incased with lapis lazuli; that globe above is the largest and finest piece of this stone, that has ever been seen. The tomb under the altar contains the mortal remains of saint Ignatius; a lamp is always kept burning over this sacred deposit, which is very much diminished (here his voice became quite pathetic), so many relics have been taken away."

"A saint then is not left in the undisturbed possession

of all the profits of his calling, said I to myself; as soon as his name is inscribed in the calendar, he is liable to see his ashes disturbed every instant by those who are greedy of acquiring relics!

However this may be, sculpture and painting have done their utmost to embellish the chapel of this saint: this altar is so rich and magnificent, that the great altar makes a pitiful figure by the side of it: it might be supposed, that saint Ignatius was the Almighty, and the Almighty, saint Ignatius.

We returned into the convent. I examined the pictures that decorate the vestibule. The whole of them treat on the history of the Jesuits: in one place, they are martyred by the Japanese; in another they are working miracles; and farther on they are canonized. In the midst of these pictures are placed the marble busts of Paul III and Pius VII, with these few words under each bust: PAUL III *instituit*, PIUS VII *restituit*. I sought in vain for Clement XIV. "There would have been a great deal of charity," said I, "in placing the bust of this pope here also."

"Too much," answered father Grassi.

"Reverend father," added I smiling, "we ought to bless those who chastise us."

"We do bless him from the bottom of our hearts; but we do not consider ourselves obliged to raise statues to him."

"Take care that your adversaries do not remind you of the passage of Tacitus, where he says: *The*

statue of Brutus was absent, but it acquired new lustre from this."

After a great number of thanks on my part, and as many offers of services on his, I took my leave of father Grassi, who appointed the next day to introduce me to the general of the Jesuits. "This is post day," said he, "and the whole of the general's time is occupied with his correspondence." I employed this interval in rendering my ideas and countenance as pliant as possible, in *chameleonizing* myself, and at the hour appointed I went to the Roman college, one of the finest palaces of Rome, where the Jesuits have established themselves.

LUIGI FORTIS,

GENERAL OF THE JESUITS.

C'était un chat vivant comme un dévot ermite,
Un chat faisant la chattemite,
Un saint homme de chat . . . . . .
Arbitre expert sur tous les cas.

LA FONTAINE.

I WAS ushered into the drawing-room of the most reverend Luigi Fortis, the eighteenth general of the order. Before the most reverend general came, I had an opportunity of examining the pictures that ornamented the apartment, the furniture of which was very simple. There was a painting of the famous Jesuit Garnet, at the moment when he was going to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for that horrible conspiracy, happily discovered on the 5th of November, 1605, called the *gunpowder-plot:* an angel is encouraging him, and makes a sign, that Heaven is open to receive him. Another picture represented the late king of Sardinia, who died six months ago at Rome, at the noviciate convent of the Jesuits: he is on his knees before a praying desk, on which is seen a death's-head, to bring to his mind, that he lived no longer for the world, but only for the order in which he aspired to be enrolled. Providence envied him this honor:

he drew his last breath, before he had terminated his noviciate. This was an unfortunate event for the Jesuits: according to the rules of the order, they inherit the property of each of its members. The king of Sardinia was to have been invested with this title; but he was not at the time of his death. This difficulty would have checked ordinary minds, but the disciples of Molina are fertile in resources; they dressed the defunct as a real professed Jesuit, and said to his family: "Only the members of our order are buried in this habit: the king of Sardinia then was a member, for he was buried in it; consequently we ought to inherit instead of you." A law process has been the consequence, and until this is decided, the family have been obliged to give security to the society of Jesus for the amount of the inheritance.

I was going to extend my inspection to the other pictures; but the door opened. A little old man entered, dressed in a sort of coarse rough serge: it was the general. His countenance was mild, there was a certain meekness in his looks; instead of the pride of command, his whole person appeared to breathe nothing but simplicity and humanity. I wanted to place myself on his left hand, but he made me sit on his right. After a few common-place expressions of politeness, I began to consider where I might direct my first attack. I attempted a passage to his soul by his eyes; but a large speck on the right pupil obliged me to have recourse to the left, which remained as

immoveable as a sentinel on an advanced post, and his black gown appeared to envelope his thoughts as completely as it did his body. What was I to do? I was very much embarrassed. In my distress, I invoked Escobard, and expressed myself thus: "Permit me, most reverend father, to be the humble interpreter of the sentiments of all the pious souls, which are to be found in France; they were overwhelmed with joy at the news of your restoration." At these words the general turned his head a little on my side; he directed towards me a visual ray, and from the multiplicity of wrinkles about his eyelids, I guessed it was his intention to smile. This encouraged me, and I continued: "Under your happy auspices, France at length raises her head shattered by revolutionary tempests; she hopes to rise again to civilization, which can only exist under the empire of monastic institutions, the most illustrious of which, for its courageous perseverance, is the order of Jesuits. France has suffered a great deal during your long absence: she already feels the effects of your paternal solicitude; but violent diseases require violent remedies, and you must treat her as you formerly treated Paraguay."

"Paraguay!" repeated the general with an air of satisfaction.

"Yes, like Paraguay! The miracle which you have to operate in France will be still greater. In the new world you had only savages to convert; you had only to build: in France you must destroy and rebuild.

The convents of Saint Acheul in Picardy, of Saint Ann in Brittany, together with the missionaries, have already scattered seeds over the French territory, which spring up on every side, but, alas! very slowly."

"What would you have us do," observed the reverend general, "but clear away the brambles, cultivate the ground, and sow it? the dew of Heaven will do the rest."

"That is doing a great deal, without doubt. We hoped, nevertheless, that you would have struck at the root of this evil. You are continually purifying the extremities of the body; but it is the heart which sends forth the corrupt blood."

"What can be done?" repeated the monk.

"Send a body of missionaries to Paris."

"To Paris! when we are attacked and calumniated even in the chamber of deputies!"

"So much the better, most reverend father. He under whose banners you fight, was he not also outraged and calumniated? this increases your resemblance to him. Besides, the wind of persecution has always carried the bark of religion safe into port. You will never be persecuted so much as I desire."

"But it would be very difficult, to send missionaries to Paris!"

"Not so difficult as you suppose. A small number of miscreants declaim and make a noise; a great number of *honest people* wait only your signal to show themselves, and offer their shoulders to bear the cross

of the mission. The more difficult the enterprise is, the more worthy it is of the order of the Jesuits, the members of which have performed so many miracles, and added six saints to the pious catalogue."

"Yes," answered the general, with a triumphant accent, "six saints, beside two who have been beatified."

At this part of the conversation, his reverence had the condescension to explain to me the gradation between a saint and a beatified person. There is the same difference between them, as between an officer with a confirmed commission, and one with an acting order; he is a sort of supernumerary saint. Charmed with so much kindness, I exclaimed, as if by inspiration: "Ah! most reverend father, what is become of that happy time, in which you had free access to the ear of kings!"

"God preserve us from it!" said he, with a tone of severity: "the perplexities and intrigues of courts do not suit us; the statutes of the order and our customs are repugnant to it."

"I know that: what I have expressed is only a desire for the happiness of those kings, whom you have so ably conducted to a celestial kingdom."

I then rose, and took my leave of the general of the Jesuits, who to a number of expressions of kindness added these gracious words: "Assure all good Frenchmen, we shall never forget, that France was the cradle of the order of saint Ignatius."

THE ADMINISTRATION.

J'ai droit à la première en qualité de Sire.
La seconde par droit me doit échoir encor :
Ce droit, vous le savez, c'est le droit du plus fort.
Comme le plus vaillant je prétends la troisième ;
Et si quelqu'un de vous touche à la quatrième
Je l'étranglerai tout d'abord.

LA FONTAINE.

In reading what relates to the brigands of the Popish dominions, we have seen what protection the government grants to individuals and their property. Its conduct with respect to agriculture, commerce, and industry, is equally destitute of equity and reason; with its greedy cupidity it dries up the sources of riches and public prosperity. The Sun returns in the form of refreshing dews and fertilizing rains the waters which it exhales from the Earth; but here the administration extorts every thing, and returns nothing. From the manner in which, without the least foresight, it devours before night what is produced during the day, from its cutting down the tree at its root, to obtain possession of its fruit; you would be tempted to believe, that saint Gargantua was the god it adored.

At Naples, the government, having the monopoly of grain, does not allow the people to fill their stomachs, but in proportion as they empty their purses.

Large and threatening magazines extend along the bay, and guard the donations of Ceres, not to provide against famine, but to cause it as occasion may require, and starve the inhabitants in a body. At Rome they famish the population both by wholesale and retail: here again the reverse of ancient Rome, which had immense public granaries filled with the tributes of Africa, Sardinia, and Sicily; but they were destined only to make gratuitous distributions to the people. The popish administration, by virtue of its divine right, assumes to itself not only the exclusive sale of grain, but of flour, and even bread! In short, under whatever disguise poor Ceres presents herself, even in the smallest particle of paste or pastry, they recognise the real presence of her divinity, and for this reason the church undertakes the sale of it. Almost all the bakers' shops belong to dignitaries of the church: they who appear as masters of them are merely the deputies of these *reverendissimi*. If any of the laity attempt to exercise this species of industry, they are liable to a thousand vexations, penalties, &c., and they generally abandon it, hopeless of success.

A few days ago an inhabitant of Rome told me, that his baker had been compelled to pay a heavy penalty by cardinal Ruffo for having sold bread to the public above the weight. "This appears to me very extraordinary," said I to the person who was relating this fact to me.

"The reason of it is very plain."

"How very plain? Punish a baker for having favoured the poor, by facilitating their means of procuring the most necessary article of food! It is an unheard of case; a thing....."

"Which will not astonish you in the least, when you are informed, that his Eminence is proprietor of several bakers' shops, to which very few buyers would resort, if they could find cheaper bread elsewhere."

Whatever confidence I might have in the narrator, I wished to procure a direct, and, I may say, palpable proof of this little anecdote. I immediately went to the house of the baker who had been punished. He was still in agitation on account of his misfortune. He related to me with warmth the details of his adventure; he was not sparing in the epithets which he applied to this prince of the church, who, if he had heard them, would have inflicted on him a second correction, but without correcting his sentiments with respect to his Eminence.

It is not with baking only that the cardinals soil their purple robes; they have also their share in the grocers' shops, and generally in all the necessaries of life, which find a daily and lucrative sale. It is thus that they occupy themselves for the public good!

To the monopoly of grain the government adds the monopoly of oil: this is striking at the heart of agriculture. The unfortunate husbandman is compelled to dispose of the produce of his labour on terms dictated by the government; and he is often obliged to

buy the same article at a very high rate, which he has been obliged to sell at a very low price. All these vices are the consequence of an oppressive system. I am not astonished at them. What can be expected from a government, the chiefs of which are strangers to one another, and succeed each other on an average every eight years? They could not, if they were so inclined, project and execute any extensive plan, passing, as they do, the empire from one to the other, as wine bibbers do the bottle at a banquet. Can those who have vowed never to become fathers have any paternal sentiments for their species? Must not that government be the least paternal, in which there are so many *fathers* who have no children?

THE LOTTERY.

All those who have any idea of social order, and who wish to encourage morality, have expressed their indignation at the institution of the lottery. All lovers of their country sigh at seeing such an article figure in the budget of the state. The ministers blush when they present this revolting abuse for the sanction of the legislative body; for the purpose of obtaining this culpable impost, they always take the precaution to give hopes of its cessation. In short, nothing but the prospect of the death of this monster could have preserved its existence.

The popish government not only tolerates the lottery, but authorizes and encourages it. It does more:

it sanctifies it by instituting for this political vice a special and religious ceremony. What! make the lottery *an act of piety!*—Why not? Have they not made *an act of faith* (auto-da-fe) of throwing innocent people into huge fires? However, in spite of my respect for papal omnipotence, as I do not think that known abuses justify an easy faith in the existence of unknown abuses, I was determined, before I believed, to have the evidence of my senses on the subject in question: I did so; they were unanimous in their testimony.

The day the numbers are drawn, the gallery of the palace of the governor of Rome is metamorphosed into a sort of tabernacle, where the chiefs of the divers religious orders, Capuchins, Franciscans, Dominicans, &c., assemble with the *monsignori* and other eminent personages of the church. From the devout demeanour of the assembly it might be supposed a funeral ceremony for the repose of the soul of some bishop or cardinal. I admired the silence of the people collected together on Monte Citorio round the obelisk; it was the image of a unanimous and pious thought directing itself towards Heaven.

A little boy of about twelve years of age advanced toward the balustrade of the exterior gallery of the palace; after having crossed himself with great ceremony, he thrust his hand into a silver box, and drew out a ticket: on a sudden the trumpets sounded, and I heard number thirteen proclaimed. The same

ceremony was repeated for each of the five numbers. The multitude, which were at first so calm, became agitated like the waves of a troubled ocean: thus, as at the Day of Judgment, the small number of *elect* returned thanks to Providence: all the others, who had been *called,* cursed and gnashed their teeth, and had recourse to a thousand culpable schemes of procuring the means of again tempting fortune. The church, notwithstanding, condemns games of chance. Does gaming cease to be a sin, because it is profitable to the church? Perhaps this is a new mystery, which must be respected.

THE ROMAN WOMEN.

ANECDOTES.

Chi vuol veder quantunque può natura
E'l ciel tra noi, venga a mirar costei.

PETRARCA.

In the North of Europe only one harvest of corn can be expected in the year; they who inhabit the South may demand two, so prodigious is the influence of temperature upon plants. And what are men but plants endowed with the faculty of moving? If you wish to be impartial in your judgment respecting women, in the first place take the climate into consideration. If a number of travellers had done so, would they have retailed such ridiculous and censorious dissertations on the Italian women? Before conducting them to their bar, they ought to accuse the activity and suavity of that air, which sometimes gives the fibres a quivering elasticity, and at other times relaxes them in a bath of ethereal perfumes; that harmony of the elements also, which enraptures the ear with voluptuous sounds; and, in short, that Sun, the vivifying emanations of which penetrate and inflame the senses. In Italy the women are incessantly combating against nature, the irresistible ascendancy of which harasses and subdues them, as the breath of Apollo, agitating

the sibyl on the sacred tripod, forced her to submit to his inspirations. But are not the higher classes, who oppose the mound of education and social decorum to the torrent of the passions, exempt? Less than the others. Those delicate attentions which they have for their persons, those cosmetics and perfumes, give the texture of the skin an additional fineness and sensibility; and all this luxury of sensuality admits of a more immediate action to the voluptuous atmosphere, that envelopes them on all sides. In France, the women hold the reins of their passions; but in Italy the passions hold the reins. A French woman fixes the number of attacks she will have to sustain before she surrenders; she capitulates with her desires: the Italian obtains no quarter from her senses, which move towards their object with impetuosity. In support of what I have advanced I shall relate a little adventure, of which one of my friends, now in Paris, was the hero, and to which, I may almost say, I was witness.

Mr. I . . . . . , being at the theatre, observed a lady in one of the boxes, elegantly dressed, and of genteel appearance, whose eyes were fixed upon him as though he had been an acquaintance; he changed his place several times, but the looks of the Roman lady were still directed towards him. Mr. I . . . . . , convinced that some mystery was concealed under this dumb language, and that he was destined perhaps to render some service to the unknown fair, watched the moment

of her leaving the theatre; he saw her get into her carriage; he sprang up behind it, and gave some money to the lackey, who told him the lady's name. After having noted the house before which the carriage stopped, he returned home, thinking he held in his hand the thread of an enchanted labyrinth. The next day he endeavoured in vain to discover this beauty: either he had misunderstood her name, or the domestic had deceived him, and he was on the point of abandoning the affair as hopeless, when he received the following anonymous billet.

"You are a Frenchman: a lady expects an important service from you. At ten o'clock be at the foot of the obelisk of Monte Citorio. Come armed."

We made divers comments on this letter. What signified this recommendation to be armed? Did she intend, by the perspective of danger, to determine him, in case of indecision, to accept the rendezvous? There was novelty and ingenuity in the expedient.

A little before ten, my knight errant, armed cap-a-pie, went to the place appointed. Shortly afterward, a man muffled up in a cloak passed and repassed, pronouncing his name. "I am the person," answered Mr. I..... "Have the goodness to follow," said the other; and he conducted him to the piazza di Venezia. Immediately after, a carriage drove up; the door opened; he entered, and recognized the lady of the theatre. He began to express his gratitude, and to assure her, that he was entirely devoted to her ser-

vice. "I can guess," said she, interrupting him, "all you can have to say in a similar circumstance: at present diligence is more necessary than words." The horses set off at a gallop, crossed the town, passed the ponte Sesto, and at last stopped in the court of a villa. The travellers entered an elegant country seat, the apartments of which were lighted in a mysterious manner; from the vestibule they entered the dining-room, where they found an elegant supper prepared, destined less to satisfy the appetite than to excite sensuality; from the dining-room they went into the drawing-room, and from this into a sleeping-room, decorated with the most expressive of Ovid's metamorphoses; at last they entered the interior apartment, the sanctuary of the temple, the holy of holies. There the unknown fair seated herself by the side of her champion, under a large canopy: she was in such a state of palpitation from fear and modesty, that she expressed herself with difficulty:—she had been struck with a great resemblance between ..... She could not account for it, but his features had made such an impression on her heart. She did not know how to justify ..... Mr. I .... interrupted her with a manly and eloquent discourse: he proved to her, that he had comprehended all her thoughts, even the most secret: the enchantress appeared to approve of this first explanation. He gave her a second: she considered him worthy of her confidence. She then proposed a slight repast, to repair the fatigues of the journey. They partook of some

light meats, flattering to the sight, agreeable to the palate, and fragrant to the smell. The Cæcubum and Falernum united their perfumes to the flowers and fruits of the garden of the Hesperides, and announced, that the mistress of the house had read her Horace, and was a philosopher. Following the counsels of the sage of Tivoli, they returned to the sanctuary of the temple, where the deity, whose worship is universal, had manifested to them his real presence: they offered him a last sacrifice.—"Oh, heavens! it is midnight: my husband will be uneasy at my absence," exclaimed the charming Artemise.

"What matters that?"

"It matters a great deal: my husband is an estimable man, he has a number of excellent qualities; I am very much attached to him; I would not on any account give him pain. Let us get into the carriage."

"I have enjoyed the happiness of your society only for a few moments, and must we already quit each other," said the Frenchman with a moving accent; "and I do not even know your name!"

"Ah! ah! you are becoming indiscreet; *you ask for too much in one day.* On Thursday, at the duchess of D....'s, we shall see each other again; I will then tell you something farther." He never heard any thing more of her, for he was to set out, and did set out, the next day for Florence.

Surrendering her person and refusing to tell her name was a characteristic trait. The Italian women

think that exordiums and perorations enervate a discourse; and that, in the temple of love, the oblation, offered at the sanctuary, like the incense burnt upon the altar, ought to evaporate without leaving a trace behind.

Mr. I . . . ., before he left Rome, gave me a description of the beautiful adventurer, and I employed every means in my power to discover her. I went to the duchess of D . . . . 's, where all my researches were vain. I consulted a young prelate, who is now a cardinal. I related the whole of the history to him, which amused him very much. I requested him to aid me with his superior knowledge in these affairs; but he attributed the honour of this adventure to so many high and puissant dames, that he rather perplexed than enlightened my ideas. Every day he asked me, whether I had discovered any traces of the mysterious fair; he appeared to attach as much importance as myself to the success of my efforts. But I believe it would have been easier for me to have discovered a new world. At length I addressed myself to count Fal . . ., of whom the sensitive lady had spoken as being of her acquaintance. He considered for a few instants, after having heard the anecdote; at last he exclaimed, as if by inspiration: "It must be my cousin, or my sister-in-law, or . . . . . !" I thought he was going to run over the list of all his family. I could not help laughing at his ingenuousness: he laughed also, which made me laugh still more; and I quitted him, con-

vinced that he was or would be one of the most worthy of Italian husbands.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE.

The Italian women talk of their amorous intrigues with as much freedom as the Parisian women converse about the last fashion, or a new play. Is this to be considered a disregard for all decorum, prudence, and modesty? Not at all, because this conduct does not in the least offend the usages and etiquette of their country, and no person is displeased at it. He who judges a foreign nation after the received ideas and prejudices of his own country, imitates the tyranny of Procrustes. Before passing sentence on the Italian women, it is necessary not only to take the climate into consideration, but the government also; they will then, without being entirely exculpated, appear much less culpable.

The following anecdote is of indisputable authenticity, and will prove what I have just advanced respecting the little mystery with which they cover their illicit intimacies.

Towards the latter part of the period of the French dominion in Italy, when general Miollis was governor of the Eclesiastical States, the young countess B***, daughter of the duke de B***, surnamed *the beautiful Grecian head*, after having preluded by some transitory amours, at last fixed her wandering heart on a young officer of artillery, who returned her love with all the

impetuosity of youth. Several months passed in this mutual enchantment; and it appeared, that their amorous thirst, so far from being allayed by the torrents of delight in which they were plunged, only became more ardent. The young officer, consecrating all his moments to his mistress, forgot the service of Mars for that of Venus. His family, fearful of the dreadful consequences to which this union might lead, solicited, and obtained for him, a change of garrison. Notwithstanding the grief, nervous attacks, and fainting fits of the countess B***, he was obliged to obey.

It is impossible to describe the affliction and despair of this modern Ariadne, for whom Rome, after having been an enchanted abode, became on a sudden the most horrible of deserts. She sought in vain for her lover in all those places, which had so lately witnessed their felicity. She was not content with proclaiming her grief for this cruel separation with tears and lamentations, she put on mourning, as though all she loved on this Earth had ceased to exist: her husband, however, was in very good health. When she had paraded her sorrow at the houses of several of her acquaintances, she shut herself up at home, and would not be seen by any one: she intended, she said, to separate herself from mankind.

A fortnight had already passed in this absolute seclusion; brilliant balls and parties succeeded each other at the house of general Miollis, and the disconsolate

fair one persisted in not appearing there. Although beauty abounds at Rome, yet the ravishing charms of the countess B*** had left a large vacuity in the circles, which she had been in the habit of frequenting. The elect of the French and Roman youth were deputed to supplicate her not to prolong the widowhood of the whole society, which found itself deprived of one of its brightest ornaments by her absence. She yielded at length to the reiterated entreaties of her numerous admirers, and promised to go to a grand ball at the government palace. She went; but instead of the airy dress of a nymph of Terpsichore, she appeared in the apparel of a woman who was come to mourn at the tomb of a departed friend. She did not weep; but her eyes betokened the tears of the morning; her pallid cheek reclined languishingly on her shoulder, like a lily pressed down by the storm. She passed through a suite of apartments in her full mourning dress, accompanied by her husband, count B***, a handsome young man aged twenty-nine, very rich, and, for this reason, very much esteemed at Rome. She walked in silence to the large saloon where the visitors were assembled. There she was immediately surrounded by a crowd of female friends, who condoled with her on her misfortune. The grief compressed in the bosom of the countess then burst forth with all its accompaniments; and before a numerous society, half French and half Roman, she exclaimed in

a voice broken with convulsive sighs, *No, no, I will have no more lovers! I have suffered too much from love.* All the Roman ladies endeavoured to console her, some by preaching to her a philosophical resignation, others in quoting themselves as having met with similar misfortunes.

The husband, believing his interference would be misplaced, after having confided his wife to the eager zeal of so many female comforters, had retreated among a crowd of sensible men, who during the interlude of the country dances, and while their domestic affairs occupied the attention of others, were gravely discussing the interests of nations, and devising the best means of increasing the population. The conversation was becoming very animated, when another countess, who had lavished her attentions, and exhausted her eloquence in consoling the countess B***, addressed the husband in the following manner: "This is certainly a fit time for talking politics, while your wife is in a state of desperation, increased by the recollection, that it was at a similar party she became acquainted with the cherished object, who has been so cruelly ravished from her. Women are, indeed, unhappy! Come and unite your efforts to mine in appeasing her, and perhaps both of us——"

"You will excuse me, madam, if I decline it," replied the count: "my arguments produce no effect on my wife; she is quite untractable. I have told her

a hundred times, that she allows her affections to be moved too easily: to-day she has one lover, to-morrow she will have another."

The count knew his wife perfectly; for a week afterwards a young Prussian officer wiped away the tears occasioned by the absence of the Frenchman.

KISSING HANDS.

KISSING THE CRUCIFIX—THE FESTIVAL OF SAINT ANTONIO.

Partout où la pensée croupit dans l'esclavage, je ne sais quoi de servile et de rampant se glisse dans les relations sociales, et les formes de la politesse ressemblent beaucoup à celles de la bassesse.

At Rome every one in regular gradation has his hands kissed and kisses hands; beginning with the shoeblack, who kisses the hand of a monk, not long ago a shoeblack himself, who kisses the father abbot's hand, who kisses a canon's hand, who kisses a prelate's hand, who kisses a cardinal's hand, who kisses the pope's hand. The privilege of kissing the pope's hand is reserved exclusively for the cardinals *, who vigorously opposed the design of Benedict XIII of granting the same favour to the bishops, who earnestly solicited it. These representatives of the apostles have hitherto been able to arrive only as far as kissing the pontifical knee. Thus there is in all places, sacred and profane, an uninterrupted circulation of kisses, which descend and mount the scale of ecclesiastical dignities as far as the holy father himself, who alone

* This regards only the ceremonies of the church; on all other occasions the holy father presents his hand to whom he pleases.

is condemned not to kiss any thing, unless it be to kiss himself.

In a country where the clergy enjoy all the honours, it is very natural that they should be imitated by the laity: thus the ceremony of kissing hands has passed from the cloisters to the saloons, and from the saloons to the shops. A shopkeeper once rushed from behind his counter, and dashed against me in his way. Astonished at his impetuosity, I thought he was going to attack some one. Immediately I saw him seize the hand of a capuchin, who carelessly allowed him to take it; he kissed it with an air of satisfaction, returned to his shop, and placed himself behind the counter with his usual composure. "Has this reverend father rendered you any service?" I demanded. "From your showing so much warmth in your caresses, I conclude he must be one of your particular friends. What is his name?"

"I do not know," answered he; "but he is a capuchin."

If I quit the mansions of the great, and the dwellings of the artisan, and visit the interior of the habitations of the poorer class, where the true national character is to be found, I am astonished and afflicted at not finding between parents and their children that effusion of tenderness, that impulse of nature, those innocent caresses, which contribute so much to the happiness of families. The arms of these little creatures

are never allowed to encircle their mother's neck; they never cover her cheeks with those affectionate kisses, which make the mother's heart vibrate with delight, and which repay her for so many cares and troubles. The only mark of tenderness granted them is, at certain hours of the day, to kiss their mother's hand, which she extends to them with more or less dignity. She requires but an exterior respect from her children; affection may follow if it can; but it seldom does, as may be supposed from what has been said.

I am persuaded, that a great number of mothers suffer from this constraint. Their natural feelings of tenderness still exist; but they bring up their children as they have been brought up themselves. Besides, it is enjoined by custom and opinion. Can the happiness of being a mother be a sufficient recompense for the non-observance of a usage established by the church? I have been informed, that a mother, for the purpose of making her prejudices conform to the feelings of her heart, made her children kiss her hand during the day, and at night, when they were asleep, she kissed them with real affection.

It will be said, perhaps, that at the foundation of Rome, the laws allowed fathers of families to have an unlimited power over their children, whom they could sell or put to death; and that those of the present day, instead of a real slavery, may consider themselves very fortunate in being subjected only to a dumb show of

servility, and a simple demonstration of absolute submission.

So far, at least, the city of Romulus resembles that of Pius VII.

KISSING THE CRUCIFIX.

Their kisses are not lavished on the hands only, but on every consecrated image, and every object that contains any kind of relic. It is with kisses that the devotees excite their enthusiasm. I saw a curious instance of it in the church of San Carlo in the Corso.

On the Thursday evening of Passion Week, a wooden crucifix of about two feet and a half in length was placed upon the steps of the altar. This devout people immediately began to welcome it by kissing its feet and forehead. The next day, Good Friday, a crucifix of four feet was offered to the fervency of the multitude, and the kisses were redoubled. But the day after there was a crucifix of nearly six feet: then the pious frenzy of the women was carried to its greatest height; from every part of this immense church they rushed towards this image, rudely carved and more rudely painted; they threw themselves on this piece of wood, as though they would have devoured it; they kissed it with the most furious ardour on every part of its body from head to foot. They succeeded each other four at a time in this pious exercise: those who were waiting for their turn showed as much impatience, as a pack of hungry hounds would, if they

were withheld from the prey in their sight. There was near the crucifix a small porringer to receive the offerings. The greater part of them preferred giving kisses to money; but those who left their mite thought they had a just claim to redouble their caresses. Although I remained more than an hour in the church, I did not see the end of this fantastical exhibition, and I left these devout kissers in full activity.

The foot of the bronze statue of Saint Peter, in the church of this name, is worn quite flat and polished with kisses; its great toe is nearly kissed off; and in another small church in the Forum, where it is said that the disciple who denied his master was for a long time in fetters, I saw a little copper crucifix, the face and part of the shoulders of which had disappeared from the friction of people's lips: it had literally been devoured with caresses.

These kisses of different sorts must be still less agreeable, as cleanliness is not more naturalized at Rome than in other parts of Italy. It may be argued, that the religion of Rome does not require, like that of Mahomet, repeated ablutions; and that, among a number of orders of monks, they judge of the degree of piety by the degree of filth, the layers of which, the thicker they are, offer the greater resistance to the magnetism of touch, and to the incitements of the flesh. I have nothing to say in refutation of this argument: filthiness, which conducts to holiness, ought to be commended.

THE FESTIVAL OF SAINT ANTONIO.

A sloven brings to my mind a pig, which puts me in mind of Saint Antonio, who puts me in mind of his festival. As this beatified personage had a particular affection for this animal, pious people have concluded, that he must have the same sympathy for all the rest of the brute creation, and they have conferred upon him the protector-generalship of the whole of them. On the day of his festival, which is celebrated at Rome with great solemnity, the place of Santa Maria Maggiore, where the church of this saint is, is covered with horses, pigs, asses, &c., upon the heads of which the clergy call down celestial benedictions, provided they are paid a small remuneration for each animal.

The lower class of people, who are too poor to possess animals of this importance, bring their fowls and turkeys under their arms, ornamented with little red ribands round their necks, that they may fatten quickly under the auspices of Saint Antonio, and be preserved from divers maladies to which they are liable. As soon as all these animals, even to the little chickens, have paid their tribute to the church, the sacred brush besprinkles them with holy water; and if it so happen, that a pig is possessed with a devil, of which there has been several examples, he is exorcised in an instant.

Not only the lower orders, but the first of the nobility also, are most scrupulous in the observance of these ceremonies; their horses, with the richest trap-

pings covered with armorial devices, come in such numbers, that the place, which is very large, is scarcely capable of containing them. When a coachman or carter is stuck fast in a slough, he menaces his horses with the indignation of Saint Antonio, and on adding to it a few strokes of the whip, they draw the carriage out immediately.

MAUNDY-THURSDAY AND GOOD-FRIDAY.

Séjan. *Et les cris importuns de ce peuple odieux?*
Tibère. *Du pain, les jeux de cirque, un sacrifice aux dieux.*
Tibère, Traj. de Chénier.

This has been the system with all governments from their origin to the present day. If the people demand a part of the legislative power, *bread is thrown to them;* if they demand an account of the way in which the public revenues have been employed, they are amused with *pageantry;* if they demand an account of the blood which has been shed to satisfy an oligarchical ambition, they are conducted to the temple, to *return thanks to Heaven* for the success of all the conspiracies formed against their liberty. If the object be to legalize an unjust war, *a war of precaution,* Heaven is immediately made an accomplice in these assassinations by attributing to it the best part of the glory, by avowing with humility,

Que dans la ville en cendre on n'eut rien fait sans lui;
Qu'on ne peut ni piller, ni violer son monde,
Ni massacrer les gens, si Dieu ne nous seconde.

This is the origin of the greater part of religious festivals, that are nothing more than popular spectacles, into which the name of the Divinity is introduced.

Were they intended only to render homage to the Creator, would there be such a display of vain pomp? The more ostentatious your ceremonies are, the more miserable they appear compared with the wonders of the creation. In opposing the gaudy brilliancy of your vestments to the magnificent apparel of the universe, you imitate those beggars, who, to honour their lord, cover their rags with tinsel. Simple and rural ceremonies would recall to mind the bounties of nature: the offering of the first fruits of the earth, and above all that of a pure heart, are the only festivals which can please the Most High. Let us examine whether the festival of Maundy-Thursday at Rome be of this number. It is at least the most remarkable religious solemnity, without excepting even that of Easter; it is also the most laborious day for the holy father, who is in continual exercise.

MAUNDY-THURSDAY.

I set out at an early hour for the Sestina chapel, to hear the famous *Miserere;* but the reverend father Onion, whom I fortunately met in the church of Saint Peter, advised me very kindly to defer hearing this spiritual concert to the next day, that I might not lose any part of the other ceremonies, which would not be repeated.

When I was about to leave him, after having thanked him for his attention, he called to my recollection the subject of our inquiries the last time I was with him:

"You have said nothing more to me," said he, "of our conversation the other day: have you cooled in your researches after miracles? I have made inquiries, and am informed, that Saint Luigi has never answered any of the letters addressed to him."

"In that case, reverend father," replied I, "I shall not write to him, for it is a great point with me to have my letters answered."

"I begin to think it was only a caprice of your imagination," added he, smiling.

"If you laugh, father Onion, I shall laugh also; though I have not the honour to be an augur." We then shook hands, and quitted each other with cordiality.

I was now desirous of finding a place in the gallery above the circular colonnade, which forms the entrance to St. Peter's. Privileged persons only are allowed to enter this; in every other place you are in danger of being suffocated by the crowd. I looked round in vain for some monk of my acquaintance: at length a capuchin passed by; I told him I was a friend of father Onion; I caught hold of his girdle, and the monk drew me in after him: by this means I got comfortably placed. In a short time a martial music announced the approach of his holiness. He made his appearance mounted on a throne borne on men's shoulders, at the grand balcony of the front of the church. The music immediately ceased. The soldiers and populace knelt in the most profound silence. The sovereign pontiff

then rose, and blessed *the city and the universe* three times.

This benediction, which passes the narrow limits of ordinary benedictions; the pontiff bending under the weight of three crowns and three quarters of a century, and suspended as it were between Heaven and Earth; those fountains spouting out their water with a uniform noise, in the midst of a still more uniform silence; that Egyptian obelisk opposing its hieroglyphical characters to the mysteries of the Catholic religion; all served to excite my astonishment, and rouse my sensibility. But if the pope had been young instead of being old, the illusion would have been destroyed. A moment after the benediction, the pope retired; the crowd pressed towards the Clementina chapel, to be present at washing the apostles' feet. They who performed this part were dressed in a cassock of coarse white flannel, with a cap of the same materials; they were placed on a bench elevated on a sort of stage. I knew the pastor of the church belonging to the Lucchese, who represented the apostle St. Peter. He is an excellent man, of great rectitude of conduct, and incapable of denying his friends. He made me a sign to approach him. The crowd, perceiving that St. Peter the apostle wished to speak to me, made way immediately.

On a sudden every eye was directed towards the pope, who entered by a secret door, and placed himself upon his throne. Behind him was a very rich

piece of tapestry representing two lions, supporting the pontifical arms with their paws. The painter has made a mistake, said I to myself; lambs would have been more suitable to a religion which is all meekness. Lions are emblematical of despotism and violence; the popish religion knows no other despotism than that of persuasion: the lion spreads murder and carnage around him to satisfy his appetite, but the Romish church, as every one knows, has always had a horror for shedding blood. I was still endeavouring to find out the allegorical sense of this tapestry, when the holy father, dressed in a simple white tunic, advanced toward the apostles, threw a little water on their right foot, wiped it, and kissed it. What is meant by this pretence of adding to the act of humility performed by Jesus, who was content with washing the two feet of his disciples without kissing them? Overdoing a part is not good acting.

The holy ablution was scarcely finished, when I was carried away by the throng toward the Paulina chapel, where the last supper is celebrated. I was squeezed as though I had been in a vice. In looking around me, I observed the torrent which bore me along was composed principally of English men and women. The latter were of a livid paleness in consequence of the extreme pressure: they could not have supported it, if the sentiment of curiosity had not given them strength. The immoderate fondness which these English heretics have for the ceremonies of a religion,

that damns them without an appeal, is very extraordinary. At length, amid the groans of the British fair, who were squeezed nearly flat by the crowd, I contrived to get close to the table; where the apostles, without allowing themselves to be disconcerted by the spectators, ate and drank vigorously. The holy father, aided by his chamberlain, presented wine and some of the dishes to his guests. He was in continual exercise, although he did not partake of the banquet. But Jesus Christ, the evening before his death, ate and drank with his disciples. Thus, in the ceremony of washing the feet; and in this, the vicar at one time exceeds, and at another does not fully conform to the example given him by his Divine Master.

When the apostles were satiated, they retired, carrying with them the remains of the repast, the napkin which had wiped their feet, their dress of white flannel, and two medals to commemorate the event, one of silver, the other of gold. Formerly they were allowed to put the silver goblet into their pocket, but the pope thought it was too great an imitation of Lucullus, of profane memory: these goblets, therefore, are now left on the table, to the great displeasure of the apostles. The good pastor of the Lucchese church sighed heavily in speaking to me about the goblet.

If, to use the expression of Henry IV of France, my eyes had thirsted to see a king, they might have satiated themselves upon the late king of Naples during the last supper. I was opposite to him nearly an hour.

He was nearly six feet in height; his large oblong head appeared to have settled itself, from its great weight, in between his shoulders; a large quantity of gray hair, quite straight, hung dangling about his peaked forehead and over his face, which . . . . . But why should I finish this portrait? Is it possible for a king to be ugly?

Devotion became his physiognomy very well. He was mumbling some prayers between his teeth. What they were I know not; but without question the happiness of his people was the object of them. It was said, that he remained at Rome to perform various devotional exercises, but more particularly to be absolved by the pope from his late oaths of fidelity to the constitution—oaths which he had taken on the Gospel.

Pius VII, although very much occupied with his holy functions, frequently glanced an eye toward the gracious sovereign of the two Sicilies. His looks appeared to say: "I approve of your fervour and compunction; but I should be much more satisfied with you, if you would send me the nag and pay me the tribute you owe me, and for which I have been waiting in vain for several years. No horse, no absolution.

GOOD FRIDAY.

The most remarkable part of the ceremonies of Good Friday is the famous *Miserere*, which is sung in the Sestina chapel.

Near Saint Peter's I met with a tall Dominican friar; he was bony and meager, but had a very keen and satirical look. It appeared to me, that he had discovered the secret of being every where: I had seen him in all the public walks, in all the circles, at all the ceremonies, in the pope's chapel, at the Quirinal, at Saint Peter's, and in a number of other churches. I saw him at a considerable distance, like a tall poplar, surrounded with shrubs. Conceiving that his large white frock covered something more than an ordinary man, I blamed myself for not having yet spoken to him, and determined to do so. He received me with civility, and like a Dominican accustomed to mix in society. I commenced about the ceremonies of the Passion Week. We walked and conversed together until we arrived at the foot of the staircase of the Vatican. "What a magnificent staircase!" said I.

"It is called the royal staircase," observed the Dominican.

"But why royal? It is not a sufficiently dignified denomination: papal would have been more noble."

"Really," answered the monk, "in giving it the title of royal, it appears to have been their wish to vilify it."

We entered the chapel that precedes the Sestina chapel. We passed near the picture representing *the Massacre of the Protestants at Paris on the Night of Saint Bartholomew.* I should have very much liked to have drawn my Dominican's attention to this pic-

ture: I should have heard some curious observations from him. But it was not possible, his impatience to get into the Sestina chapel was so great; he dreaded losing a single word of the *Miserere*.

He was in the right: nothing can be more melodious or sweeter than this music; it agitates the whole nervous system with its softness. The most voluptuous passages in the opera of Armida are insipid compared with this pious canticle, which recalls to mind this verse:

La volupté la suit avec des yeux dévots.

The eyes of the Dominican sparkled with pleasure and beatitude. The sounds penetrated every pore; they threw him into a state of transfiguration. He lent me his book, that I might be able to follow the ideas in the singing, for the music bears no affinity to the words. The Almighty, notwithstanding his great mercy, could be no more moved to pity for our sins by the graceful and flowing accents of this *Miserere*, than the most philanthropic man could feel compassion for the infirmities of the legs of individuals, who would get up and dance a hornpipe in his presence.

I advise all composers of operas, whose aim it is to cause an oscillation in our souls between the vivacity and the languor of the tender passions, to study, meditate, and imitate the style of this *Miserere*. Saint Augustin accuses himself, in his confessions, of having

often taken too much pleasure in church music. Since I have heard the music of the Sestina chapel, I comprehend perfectly the sort of sin of which the bishop of Hippo must have been guilty, and I believe my companion, the Dominican, understood it as well as I did.

The pope avoided this music, against the effects of which, perhaps, his great age would not have been proof. His throne waited for him in vain. Either he was fatigued with his exertions the day before, or he judged that this ceremony was not necessary for his sanctification. I was really disposed to admire every thing that concerns the religion of Rome; nevertheless I was compelled to acknowledge, that the Sestina chapel offered a very profane spectacle on Good Friday: a multitude of eunuchs singing an effeminate and sensual music, in presence of the great picture of Michael Angelo, representing *the Day of Judgment*, and the eternal torments reserved for a single thought of the nature of those which this singing so eloquently expressed; a crowd of Roman, English, and French ladies, elegantly dressed, their bosoms throbbing with delight at this enchanting harmony, while from time to time a pensive glance at these animated instruments appeared to seek a man; black, white, and piebald monks conversing together, playing with their girdles, their eyes betokening wantonness, and their thoughts certainly not occupied with the great mystery of the re-

demption. I left the Sestina chapel, far from edified by the ceremony; and sighing at the recollection of this scandalous exhibition, I went to the Palatine mount, and, among the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, I meditated on the perpetuity of the Popish religion.

THE CAVALLETTO.

N'avez-vous jamais vu donner la question?
—Non; et ne le verrai, que je crois, de ma vie.
—Venez, je vous en veux faire passer l'envie.
—Hé! Monsieur! peut-on voir souffrir des malheureux,
—Bon! cela fait toujours passer une heure ou deux.

RACINE.

WHAT is a *cavalletto?* It is a sort of horse, very much in fashion in the holy city; and which, in spite of the smallness of its size, is a competitor for fame with the celebrated Trojan horse. This last only gained possession of a town of Asia: on the other, the conquest of Heaven may be achieved. His rider has only to mount him with religious feelings, and do homage to his Maker for the trials to which his person may be exposed. The reader perhaps will imagine that the horse in question kicks, prances, and rears up. Not at all: he is as quiet as the charger on which Don Quixote imagined himself in the air, passing through the regions of fire. Let us explain this enigma.

Imagine two planks, the edges of them nailed together, with their surfaces sloping, similar to a horse for placing saddles on, supported by four legs, the two before shorter than those behind: this is a *cavalletto.* The rider, who is not made of wood but of animated

flesh, is conducted by two *gendarmes*, who assist him in mounting. If he show any aversion, they use force. As soon as the Roman is mounted, they place him in an inclined posture, his head occupying the lower end of the *cavalletto*. Then the executioner, having crossed himself, administers a certain number of stripes, with a stout thong of bull's hide, on the whole length of his naked back; this does not excuse him from paying the operator for his trouble, beside other smaller expenses.

The first person I saw whipped in this way was the master of a coffee-house, as a punishment for having served an Englishman with eggs and milk for breakfast during Lent. Many of my readers will accuse me of being fabulous in my narrations; I think I hear them exclaim, "Twenty-five lashes for having supplied a person with milk for his breakfast! that is impossible: we know very well that the pontifical government commits revolting acts of injustice, that it is most atrocious and arbitrary in its proceedings; but what you have just stated surpasses ....." Go no farther: I can furnish you with the most satisfactory proof of what I have advanced. I have brought with me from Rome the edict of the pope's vicar-general, an exact copy of which is at the end of this work. One of the printed originals is in my possession.

The following is an extract from it, which I have translated:

"Our predecessors have every year commanded, by means of an edict, the exact observance of fasting and

abstinence during Lent. They have inflicted the severest punishment on those who have been guilty of the smallest violation of this law. The present ordinance is made public to confirm this injunction; and all offenders shall be punished, without remission, by being placed on the cavalletto, and receiving twenty-five blows with a stick in the street, before their own eating-houses or coffee-houses. All those, who shall not post up the present ordinance in the most conspicuous part of the rooms where refreshments are supplied, shall undergo the same punishment.

"Given at the palace of our residence.

"HANNIBAL, incumbent of Santa Maria, in Trastevere, of the holy catholic religion, Cardinal priest della Genga*, vicar-general of the Holiness of our Lord.

"ANTONIO ARGENTI, substitute."

If we reflect, that the court of Rome used to burn heretics by the hands of the Holy Inquisition, this stick discipline for a breach of the fast will be found conformable to the gradation of crimes and punishments. After having lost the grand resource of *auto-da-fés*, it is but natural, that they should have some indemnification, and the *cavalletto* is comparatively a very small one. What would Camillus and Horace have said, if some soothsayer had predicted to them, that their descendants would be bastinadoed on a

* This cardinal is now Pope Leo XII, newly elected.

wooden horse for drinking a little milk, or permitting it to be drunk?

The functions of the *cavalletto* are not restricted to the punishment of those who do not strictly observe the fast during Lent: like the *gendarmes*, it stands sentry in every place, where there is an assembly at all numerous, more particularly at the doors of the theatres. There it is in attendance for those, who hiss the actors or the play; an excellent method of making a bad performance succeed.

The *cavalletto* is the smallest degree of torture in Rome; it is the torture in general circulation: there is another that never changes its place.

Upon a scaffold raised in the middle of the Piazza Navona is a sort of praying-desk with two holes in it, through which the patient is obliged, much against his inclination, to pass his arms, which are kept immoveable by means of screws. The executioner then applies to his naked loins an indeterminate number of stripes, according to the will and pleasure of the agent of police, whose severity increases in proportion to the smallness of the fee he has received from the prisoner.

This scaffold is not permanent except in time of public amusements and rejoicings; at all other times it is erected as the case may require; but on all festivals, and particularly during the Carnival, this theatre of torture is always to be found in the *Piazza Navona* and near the Corso, which is the rendezvous of all the

masks. The executioner saunters about near the scaffold, waiting for his customers.

The third and most cruel torture is the strappado. The sufferer, with his hands strapped behind his back, is raised to a certain distance; a cord is attached to his arms of sufficient length to allow him to arrive within a foot of the ground; he is then suddenly let fall. The jerk is so great, that it dislocates his shoulders. Fortunately this mode of punishment rarely takes places but is it not horrible, that it should ever be practised? I have been assured, that at the restoration of Pius VII an unhappy wretch was condemned to the strappado because he would not cry *Long live the Pope!*

Torture, after having been banished from all civilized countries, has met with an asylum at Rome. Alas! this is not the only enemy of civilization that finds protection there!

EXECUTION OF A CRIMINAL.

To be, or not to be, that is the question.

SHAKSPEARE.

AFTER having traced a few hasty sketches of the manner in which the papal government is administered, how it blesses and how it tortures the Romans of the present day, I shall say something of the way in which it kills them. They are as slow in executing as they are prompt in judging them. The whole of the formalities, with which they surround a criminal in his last moments, are so many tortures of the mind to multiply his sufferings. The unhappy wretch remains several days after his trial in ignorance of his fate, and immured in the most horrible of dungeons; at last, a sort of registrar of the prison descends by a ladder into this sepulchre of the living, and reads to the prisoner the sentence, that condemns him to capital punishment. This sudden visit produces so great a commotion in the miserable delinquent, that he sometimes rushes, like a maniac, at the iron grating, that separates him from the messenger of justice, who, without this precaution, would run the risk of not returning safe and sound. While the criminal is thus a prey to the fury or dejection of despair, a religious brotherhood, called the Confraternity of Death, come to exhort him. If

he resign himself to listen to them, if he confess, if he receive the communion, if he cry *Viva Maria!* when he is conducted to a little chapel, hung with black, near the scaffold, he may then, perhaps, be executed at the end of three days. But if he be a Jew, or a Protestant, and persist in remaining faithful to his belief; or even if he be born a Catholic, and insist in not submitting to all the ceremonies of the church of Rome, justice will temporise with him for two or three months; at last, the Confraternity of Death, having unfolded its black banners, on which are painted skeletons and death's heads, accompanies the criminal to the chapel at the *Piazza del Popolo*, where the guillotine is erected. There they endeavour to shake his obstinacy by all possible means. If he continue firm in his resolution, they cannot execute him without having first obtained the express permission of the pope, to whom a messenger is despatched at the Quirinal, situate at the other extremity of Rome.

The following is what happened in the month of January, a few days after my arrival. A man had been for a long time sentenced to death for crimes, which in England or France would not have condemned him to capital punishment. "I will not have a priest," said he; "I have nothing to say to him: it is my irrevocable determination. Let me be executed without delay." As an answer to this they sent him a confessor, whose preaching was of no avail. The criminal replied only by sarcasms on the dissolute life

of the clergy, and implored, as a favour, the execution of his sentence. The monks then came, to try their rhetoric on this impenitent sinner; Celestines, Sylvestrines, Benedictines, Carthusians, Dominicans, Minor Capuchins, Franciscans, Augustinians, Gerolamites, shod and barefooted Carmelites, all threw away their doctrine upon him! even the Jesuits, who had been kept as a body of reserve, could not overcome his hardness of heart. At last they conducted him to the *Piazza del Popolo*, forced him into the chapel, made him hear mass; he heard it with the indifference of a Calvinist: the great mystery of transubstantiation produced no effect upon him. He accused the government of cruelty, in having made him suffer a thousand deaths instead of one, and of having deprived him of food during twenty-four hours for the purpose of enfeebling his intellectual faculties. Their means of moving him to contrition were all exhausted, when the commandant of the troops ranged in order of battle round the scaffold went to the culprit, who had formerly served under his orders, and, thinking that he had found an unanswerable argument to shake his obduracy, said, "Recollect, that the soldiers have been several hours under arms, and they have not breakfasted." What touching eloquence! In spite of this pathetic harangue, the wretch still refused to submit to the ceremony of confession. A courier was sent to the pope to obtain an order for his execution, and they dragged him to the scaffold half dead with hunger.

The Confraternity of Death, whose office it is to exhort the condemned, conduct them to the scaffold in solemn procession, accompanied with every thing that can render the ceremony dismal and awful; and, lastly, to inter them, enjoys a privilege, by way of indemnification, of delivering at certain epochs a criminal of their own choice.

Mr. Lemoine, an able French sculptor, told me he had seen paraded through the streets of Rome, as if in triumph, a wretch, who, among other crimes, had murdered his wife. The Confraternity of Death had elected him to enjoy their right of deliverance. This monster, dressed in white satin, affected a strut of importance at receiving the acclamations of the Roman populace. An ordinary criminal cannot pretend to the enjoyment of this privilege, which always falls on those who have given proofs of genius in committing their crimes, and who are consummate villains. The Confraternity of Death, following the example of the Jews, delivered Barabbas.

A PARALLEL

BETWEEN THE ROMAN AND PARISIAN WOMEN, AND BETWEEN THE ROMAN AND NEAPOLITAN WOMEN

Esce da vaghe labbra aurea catena
Che l' alme a suo voler prende, ed affrena.
Gli accorgimenti, e le più occulte frodi
Ch' usi o femmina, o maga, a lei son note.

IL TASSO.

IF there be presumption in not presenting in a dubitable shape the judgment a person has formed on the women of his own country, after having studied them all his life with a real aptitude for this sort of observation, what can be thought of those travellers, who, after having resided only a few months in a foreign city, pretend to have caught the characteristic and distinctive features of its inhabitants? It must be concluded, that they give fictions for realities: for in descriptions of this nature it is much easier to make pleasing and ingenious portraits than correct likenesses.

Some philosophers have argued, that there are only individuals in nature, and no species. This reason-

ing is particularly applicable to women. Where can a definition be found equally adapted to any two of them? They not only differ from each other, but even from themselves.

Their personal qualities govern as it were their mental inclinations, and make them undergo all their frequent vicissitudes and transformations. None of them cease to be handsome, young, courted, &c. without a visible change in their tempers. Olympia, at the age of twenty, was kind, indulgent, and fond of study. A malady deprived her of her beauty, and she became irritable, intolerant, and a devotee. She then complained of men's inconstancy, without recollecting, that it would have been the height of inconstancy to have loved her still.

In France it is generally believed, that the Italian women are more easily seduced than the French women; hence it is concluded, that the latter are more amiable than the former. This opinion appears to me erroneous, and the reasoning very false.

Yielding to or resisting men's desires does not annul or establish the virtue of women: the manner is every thing. It is almost always with a great deal of selfishness and little love, that they render the attempts of a lover ineffectual: in this there is no effort of virtue. There are women to be met with, capable of resisting every inducement, yet they will yield to the simple conviction of rendering the beloved object

happy. One woman, who by her organization is in a continual state of excitement, will with difficulty defend herself against nature's most imperious dictate. Perhaps she will obey the voice of her senses, thinking she is listening to that of her heart: ought she to be punished for this error?

Another, on the contrary, will remain indifferent to all the revolutions of the atmosphere; a thunderbolt even would not electrify her; neither her heart nor senses are warmed with the fire of Prometheus: is she to be commended for not having been overcome? Does her excess of insensibility merit a reward?

It is with caution, and the greatest diffidence of my judgment, that I am going to hazard a few conjectures on the affinity and opposition, which appear to exist between the Parisian and Roman woman. Wit, learning, and talents, will make a great impression on the former. In addressing yourself to her mind you may arrive at her senses. With her the intellectual man not only serves as a passport to the physical man, but prolongs his reign, and adjourns his dismission. The latter, on the contrary, almost invulnerable with respect to her mind, can be moved only by exterior and material endowments. A rich simpleton with a comely person will have more success at Rome than at Paris. A man past the meridian of life, distinguished for his wit and talents, will make conquests at Paris, when he can no longer make any at Rome. It does not suffice for a French

woman to be in love: she must be beloved. She can resist her own love, but she will yield to the conviction of yours. The whole art of seduction consists in inspiring this persuasion.

The Italian woman troubles herself very little about the impression she produces on the heart of her lover: her own feelings decide her. "I surrendered myself to ..... a fortnight ago," said a young Roman lady to her female friend, "*and I am not yet certain, that he loves me.*"

I am not able to decide which of the two is most inconstant in her attachments; but the French woman, if she love but for one day, gives herself in totality to her lover. Her weakness is palliated by an unbounded confidence. Her passion perhaps will expire to-morrow; but to-day it appears to her endless, so entirely is she enveloped with the charm of illusion. She imagines, that her love will prolong itself to futurity, as a very limited space by an optical deception appears to lose itself in endless distance. The Italian woman, in those moments in which amorous delirium appears to interdict all reflection, calculates the duration of her love, and fixes a term for it; her infidelity is premeditated: in short, she only lends herself; while a French woman gives herself.

If conclusions were drawn from what has been said, the French woman would be considered much superior to the Italian; but these observations are only applicable to the elect of the French women. Un-

fortunately there are so few of them, that they must be considered as exceptions, not being able to present a sufficient mass to form a body, and constitute a generality. Let us set these aside, and compare the French women of the higher classes, sufficiently numerous to compose a national aggregation, with those of Italy of the same rank. The latter receive lively and profound impressions; their feelings, even the most inordinate, are genuine, intrinsic, and expressed in an energetic and picturesque language, dictated to them by nature. They love for themselves in the first place, then for their lovers. The former, on the contrary, first consult their vanity in the choice they ought to make; after this they love for themselves. Their thoughts and expressions are, like their heads, ornamented with artificial flowers; their manners are elegant, but studied. A crowded saloon is for them a little theatre, where they would like to be perpetually playing their parts; their sensations are superficial. A lasting attachment is not to be found among the women of either nation, because the passion of the French woman receives an ideal and unsubstantial nourishment, and the passion of the Italian woman devours greedily every kind of food. With the Transalpine, seduction introduces itself only by means of the senses: with the Cisalpine, it finds access in a thousand ways, particularly at the gate of vanity, which remains open night and day. A Pa-

risian woman will commit a thousand extravagancies for a man of great celebrity.

The nymph on the banks of the Tiber decides from first impressions; she allows herself to be guided by natural instinct, which seldom deceives. If she enter a numerous circle, a secret attraction warns her of the presence of the object she ought to make choice of, and her first glance fixes itself upon him. But the nymph on the banks of the Seine, guided less by her innate than by her acquired sensations, allows her looks to wander, and her indecision to flutter over a number of individuals; and, very often, he who at first sight displeased her, and for whom she felt a sort of repugnance, becomes her lover. The latter grants favours to the perseverance, importunity, and almost to the persecution of the most indifferent man; while the other grants them only to him for whom the secret voice of her heart or senses has spoken. This accounts for the ardour of those intimacies in Italy, and the lukewarmness of them in France. In France these tender attachments are broken off without noise; in Italy they are torn asunder. In short, as a French woman loves with her head as much as with her heart and senses, she has more points open to attack, and must yield more easily than the Italian woman, whose amours have no connexion with the seat of understanding.

A PARALLEL BETWEEN THE ROMAN AND NEAPOLITAN WOMEN.

Both are equally unacquainted with the moral sentiments, that form a part of the existence of the women of other countries. How can they have room in their hearts for filial affection and maternal love, when gallantry absorbs every moment of their lives? The history of an Italian woman is merely the history of her amours. On visiting Rome and Naples a person is struck with the different shades that exist, with respect to licentiousness, between the women of these two cities. The glow of shame is never seen on the cheek of the Neapolitan woman: the Roman woman can still blush. The former shows an ingenuousness in her debaucheries of which the latter is ignorant. The latter associates religion with her intrigues as a consoler, the former as an accomplice. The Neapolitan woman, to preserve herself from all the dangers of an illicit connexion, places herself with confidence under the protection of the Holy Virgin; she exclaims, *La Madonna mi ajuti*, (May the Holy Virgin aid me): the Roman woman says, *La Madonna mi perdoni*, (May the Holy Virgin pardon me). The one abandons herself to all the vivacity of her desires, and all the excesses of her passion, in presence of the uncovered image of the Virgin: the other is scrupulously exact in drawing a curtain before this painting. A young

Roman woman, having forgotten to fulfil this duty, tore herself from the arms of her lover to veil this holy picture.

With the fair Parthenopean, gallantry takes the precedence of religion. The beauty of the banks of the Tiber allows religion to take the lead; she balances her accounts with it, and, when all is settled, she commences a new score. The former quits her devout exercises as soon as she sees her lover in the church: the latter will scarcely give her gallant a stolen glance; she remains as immoveable at her pious post as a soldier under arms, and she would not omit a single one of the hundred beads of her rosary on his account. "You will see me at the church of *Gesu-Maria*," said a young Roman dame to a Frenchman; "after mass we will take a walk." He went to the rendezvous at the hour appointed. When the mass was ended, he approached the lady cautiously; she made him a sign not to disturb her. "Allow me to observe, madam, that the office is finished."—"I know it very well," answered she; "but I always hear two masses."

CONJUGAL INDUSTRY.

Chi va lontan dalla sua patria, vede
Cose da quel che già credea lontane,
Che narrando le poi, non se gli crede,
E stimato bugiardo ne rimane.

ARIOSTO.

THE scrupulous accuracy with which the people of Rome attend to the material part of their religion, without occupying themselves with the spiritual part of it, as a child attaches itself to the pictures and binding of a book, without attending to the notions and sentiments contained in it, is very remarkable. Is it because the popish worship is so overloaded with ceremonies, that it is impossible to discover the moral part of it? Does it resemble a humming-bird, which when deprived of the luxury of its plumage is reduced almost to nothing? The greatest criminals are seen associating religious practices with robberies and murders. After committing the greatest of outrages on a woman, whom they afterward assassinate, they kiss the image of the Holy Virgin, and prepare themselves for new atrocities. Covered with the blood of their victims, they would consider it a crime not to hear mass; after having been present at this, their conscience is tranquil. Like fanatics, they sharpen their poniards on the steps of

the altar, and there they deposit their remorse. Such is the effect of the abuse of indulgences and absolutions. "When we are well glutted with wickedness, we will go and vomit it forth at the tribunal of penitence; thus sharpening our appetite, we shall return to pillage and murder with greater avidity." Such are the arguments of these ruffians. Thus the confessional serves as a fulcrum to the lever of crime.

I was occupied with these reflections, while walking in the church of Saint Peter, when I perceived a Roman lady, of graceful shape and agreeable countenance, who, after having dipped her delicate hand in the dirty but holy water, saluted the different altars to the right and left, approached the statue of saint Peter in bronze, kissed its foot and smote it gently with her forehead, kissed it again and crossed herself several times; she then fell down on her knees, drew out a rosary and book from her bag, and began to move her lips with great rapidity: at length she rose, and went into a confessional.

She had scarcely entered it, when I saw one of my countrymen approaching me, who had resided for the last ten years at Rome. "Do you know that female candidate," said I, "who has been exerting herself so much to have her name inscribed on the short list of the elect? she is in that confessional; let us wait till she comes out of it." Our patience was not put to a very long trial. In a short time the fair penitent appeared, humble and contrite, with her eyes directed to

the ground; she knelt at a little distance from the place where she had deposited the burden of her conscience. Then the confessor, with a pole of ten or twelve feet in length, which he held in his hand, struck her three times on the shoulder. This ceremony is the commencement of penitence and the compliment of absolution. "Certainly I know her," said my companion; "it is signora R...., for whom cardinal *** interests himself particularly. Her husband has made a contract with this prince of the church, by which he receives a certain sum every month for his domestic expenses." In any other place I should have been shocked at such a recital, but after a few months residence at Rome a great deal more is required to cause a blush.

I made farther inquiries respecting signora R.... The result of them was, that in the holy city she is the object of general benevolence. I was assured, that no wife was ever better disposed to fulfil her matrimonial duties; and, which is here an extraordinary thing, even to love her husband. Who then has been able to turn her aside from the path of honour? Guess, reader!—If you were Œdipus you could not divine it. It was her husband himself. He employed every imaginable means; he tormented her in a hundred different ways, to receive from her the title so much dreaded by the greater part of husbands. She was obstinately bent on being faithful to him; but her worthy husband persecuted her in such a way, that, to

obtain domestic peace, she consented to *cardinalize* herself. Every day she goes to church in a brilliant equipage, to offer her tribulation and submission to Him, who has ordered wives to obey their husbands.

Mention is made of other ladies at Rome, who, having had the rage for being faithful wives, have defended the citadel of virtue for a long time against those to whom they were united by a legitimate and sacred bond. It must be quite amusing to hear the present Romans employing their powers of oratory, exhausting their ingenious arguments, using entreaties, and even menaces, to decide their Lucretias to receive lovers in that same Rome, in which Cæsar repudiated his wife, because her virtue was tarnished with a suspicion.

At Rome marriage is often but a speculation of interest. As a statuary says of a block of marble: "Shall it be a bust or a vase?" a Roman asks himself what he shall do with his future spouse; whether he shall cover her with violet or with purple; whether he shall launch her into the prelature or the conclave. As soon as he has decided, he marries.

A WALK IN THE CHURCH OF SAINT PETER.

L'univers est un temple où siège l'Eternel;
Là chaque homme, à son gré, veut bâtir un autel.
Usages, intérêts, cultes, lois, tout diffère;
Qu'on soit juste, il suffit: le reste est arbitraire.

As I was desirous of proceeding with order in my visits to the different monuments of Rome, I deferred seeing from day to day this famous temple, on which all travellers and writers have been so lavish of their praises. At length, being no longer able to defer the pleasure, I arrived in presence of this modern wonder. I had experienced an indescribable intellectual delight in the temples of Poestum: at the aspect of Saint Peter's I expected to have fallen into an ecstacy of admiration; judge then of my surprise at its not producing on me the smallest emotion; I beheld it with almost a cold indifference.

"Thou art painting riches, and not beauty," said Zeuxis to an artist who was covering the dress of Venus with gold and precious stones. Might it not be said to the architects of Saint Peter's? "You have erected an immense edifice, but without grandeur. It is easier to make a Colossus of Rhodes than an Apollo di Belvedere." I shall be accused of rashness in criticising this miracle, by the crowd who praise

from hearsay, and who are inoculated for their opinions. But let me not be condemned unheard.

If Saint Peter's be compared to the multitude of trivial churches that cover the Catholic territory, then it will be considered a wonder; but it will not, if opposed to the temples of Rome and Greece. If the prodigious mechanical efforts used for raising and supporting in the air the cupola of the Pantheon be considered, we must render homage to the genius of Michael Angelo. But difficulties overcome produce only astonishment: physical and moral harmony united are necessary to awaken admiration. With respect to the beauties, taken in detail, I am ready to join chorus with the enthusiasts. But a few particular merits do not constitute a general merit.

A temple is an edifice which ought to bring to mind the divine majesty of the Creator, and in which a man may preserve sufficient dignity to lift his thoughts to Him. Does the gigantic mass of Saint Peter's strictly fulfil these conditions? Does it not represent a tower of Babel, without unity, in which confusion reigns—an adulterous mixture of all the styles of architecture, ancient and modern? Does not the front, which is to an edifice what the face is to a man, bring to mind, with its balcony and its windows placed between the columns, the front of a great mansion? It exposes a barrenness of invention, a want of union, and on all sides is discovered the painful struggle of the rival and successive plans which have presided at its execution.

The cupola, a great deal too far from the peristyle, appears to belong to another temple: one of the greatest defects arising from the Latin cross being substituted for the Greek cross, which was the design of Michael Angelo.

Does not the beauty of the interior offer a compensation for these defects? Is not the canopy over the great altar, which is as lofty as the grandest palaces of Rome, deserving of admiration? So far from charming me, it produces only mournful sensations, when I reflect, that its twisted columns are in bad taste, and made of the beautiful covering of bronze plundered from the Pantheon by pope Urban II. Those winged infants, upwards of seven feet in height, supporting vases of holy water, appear to insult man's insignificance. The sovereign pontiff at the great altar, seen from the entrance door, appears like a gilt fly buzzing. Another race of human beings, at least twelve feet high, would be necessary to harmonize with the church and the statues. In this place man appears to be created after the image of an insect, rather than after the image of God. The exterior air, as well as the light of Heaven, is shut out from this temple; it appears to have divorced itself from nature. The place inspires melancholy; at every step, human pride personified is seen enraptured with its own nothingness. Under these immense roofs, which re-echo every footstep, the soul remains mute. Colossal dimensions do not give a character of grandeur to a temple; it is

the style of architecture, and the site of it. Saint Peter's is in a low situation, where it commands nothing, but is confounded with several other buildings near it.

The ancients had a much better conception of grandeur, in the construction of their edifices dedicated to the Divinity. Their temples, placed on the summit of a promontory, or in the most picturesque situations, appeared to invite their votaries to devotion. The dead were not buried there: only those who had saved their country could pretend to this distinguished honour. But the church of Saint Peter, as though transformed into a vast cemetery, contains the remains of the popes: emulating in pride the kings of Egypt, they have raised the cupola of their tomb as high as the pyramids. They have admitted near them the ashes of those crowned heads, who have bowed before the triple diadem; queen Christina, god-daughter of Alexander VII; the princess Matilda, whose mausoleum exhibits the emperor Henry IV kissing the foot of pope Hildebrand.

This pontifical exploit so puffed up the pride of the popes, that they determined to perpetuate the memory of it even on a funereal marble. It may be asked, why the political convert, Henry IV of France, receiving flagellation from Sixtus Quintus, is not placed as a companion to this bas-relief.

The many masterpieces of art, that decorate Saint Peter's, are without doubt worthy of admiration: the

chisels of the modern Praxiteleses have animated the marble under the most imposing forms; the brilliant works in mosaic and in enamel have renewed and perpetuated the wonders of Raphael, Dominichino, Guido, and Guercino. But these fine details are foreign to what constitutes the edifice itself, and can only be considered as the furniture of a palace. If the church were divested of them, it would lose what attracts and charms those who go to visit it. But the simple and noble architecture of the Greek and Roman temples was alone sufficient to enchant the sight: far from requiring any foreign ornament, they repelled it.

The Japanese, of whom I have already spoken, and whom I saw at the ceremonies of Ash-Wednesday, proposed going to see Saint Peter's with me.

On the day fixed we went thither. We had scarcely entered the church, when we perceived a group of people yawning devoutly. "There must be a sermon," said I: "let us see what they are doing." A man in a surplice, making telegraphic gestures, was bawling with a volubility that set punctuation at defiance:—"There are three things which cause a tempest; the agitation of the sea, the resistance of the rocks, and the fury of the winds. Thus, the passions, the corrupt maxims of the age, and the rebellion of the flesh, occasion the tempest of the soul." The preacher, with his square cap, sometimes imitated the pitching, sometimes the rolling of a ship, exposed to a storm, to the passions, the waves, the rebellion of the flesh, &c.

I had not the satisfaction of learning whether the ship arrived safe in port.

My companion led me into the middle of the grand nave, that we might have a more extensive view of the immensity of the edifice. He was indignant on beholding this gigantic heap of stones and marble formed into a mass, pompously useless; he observed, that, if the fourth part of the exorbitant sums swallowed up in this work had been employed to drain the Pontine marshes, Rome would have acquired a large tract of fertile land, which would have brought a considerable revenue to the government, instead of a church, which costs more every year to keep it in repair than twenty ordinary churches. He stopped an instant before the statue of Saint Peter, found among the ruins of the ancient Capitol: it formerly represented Jupiter, but is now changed into the prince of the apostles by putting a glory on its head, and in its hand the keys of Paradise and Purgatory. "These are the keys of the Pope's strong box," observed the Japanese. "The god of Homer is wofully fallen!"

"He ought, on the contrary," returned I, "to consider himself very happy at playing this second part, when almost all the gods of Olympus have been reduced, by the new worship, to the employment of devils."

"Since we were last together," said the Japanese, "I have seen sufficient of the popish worship and ceremonies to disgust me; and have resolved on abandon-

ing the faith I received from my mother, who had it from a Jesuit."

"Beware of making a rash determination; recollect, that, when a religion condemns all those who profess any other to eternal torments, and is not condemned by any of them, you risk nothing in believing it, but every thing in rejecting it."

"What baseness!" said he. "It would be like taking the side of the oppressor against the oppressed, because the first can do me a great deal of harm, and the second is incapable of any."

"It was well worth your trouble to come to Rome. Is it possible that you are walking in Saint Peter's with such sentiments! Are you not afraid of ....."

"That is true," interrupted he, "here we are in danger of becoming irreligious: let us leave this place, and go to the Coliseum.—I acknowledge," said he on our way, "that I have treated the church of Saint Peter with too much severity: I ought to have recollected, that it produced the Reformation of Martin Luther, which has given a mortal wound to popery. The springs of this theocratical government are worn out by the corroding rust of time; it has no greater enemy than itself. Was not the terror of the pope and his brave cardinals manifest, at the news of hostilities being commenced between the Austrians and Neapolitans? They had prepared every thing for their departure for Civita Vecchia, where they intended to have embarked their persons and treasures. Buona-

parte has left an example behind him, which will be imitated: a certain power will some day take possession of the Papal states without striking a blow. Two hundred and fifty popes have succeeded each other from Saint Peter to Pius VII, who would have closed this long list, if the Neapolitans had had sufficient courage to execute what they had undertaken. Their pusillanimity has retarded for a few years the political emancipation of Italy; public opinion has not ceased to direct itself to this object, and must prevail. Erelong the popes will descend to the rank which they held under Constantine."

"What induces you to suppose so?"

"The interest of kings," answered the Japanese; "Allowing that they lose their temporal sovereignty, they will still preserve their spiritual power in all its plenitude."

"They must not hope for this," retorted the Japanese: "these two powers are so identified one with the other in the minds of the people, that they cannot now be separated. Not seeing the body, they would not suppose the existence of the soul."

"Have you forgotten, that they are the vicars of Jesus Christ?"

"It is they who have forgotten it," returned the Japanese. "Christ was made man to deliver mortals: too many popes have made themselves gods to enslave them. But the tiara, in the eyes of the multitude, is only a higher and heavier crown than others. They

think of the goldsmith who made it, much more than of the person who wears it. The pontifical sceptre, which produced the same effects as the wand of Circe, is every day losing its efficacy. The ark of the covenant, preserved among the relics of the church of San Giovanni in Laterano, is the asylum of worms that are devouring it.

L'Arche Sainte est muette, et ne rend plus d'oracles.

It is in vain, that the holy father surrounds himself with a grand ceremonial pomp, which formerly fascinated the eye and confounded the understanding; his subjects now pay no attention to it, except to calculate what all this pageantry costs them. In vain this pontiff envelopes himself with a mantle glittering with gold and precious stones; the imagination strips him of it. I have been surprised at the lukewarmness, and almost indifference, shown by the greater part of the Romans of the present day for the solemnities of the church. I lodge at the house of two old female devotees, who have no other society than a dozen of monks: notwithstanding this, they were not present at the ceremonies of the Passion Week. They told me they had seen enough of ceremonies. The *transtiberine* populace and foreigners alone compose the crowd, who run to see the religious functions as to a worldly spectacle. I acknowledge, that the popish worship could not exist without ceremonies to captivate

the sight; but the eye, after having seen every thing, will be satiated, and become disdainful. I have known a goatherd, dressed in skins from head to foot, exclaim, at the sight of the famous illuminated cross suspended in Saint Peter's, *It is not equal to the setting sun!* and fancied I heard the sentence of annihilation of all this artificial display called holy pomp. The sacristies of Rome will very soon be obliged to melt all their plate, if the people continue to make similar comparisons, and jest instead of adoring. Yesterday the pope having given his benediction *urbi et orbi* from the balcony of Saint Peter's, some papers containing indulgences were thrown down among the people. The rabble, who formerly struggled with each other to procure these indulgences, cried out with indifference, *It would be better to give us tickets for bread from the baker!* Can any one doubt of an imminent revolution in the Papal States, when in the centre even of this territory eyes darkened by superstition and prejudice are seen raising themselves toward the light of truth? It is in vain, that the government redoubles its efforts to teach its vassals ignorance and passive obedience; they begin to find it ridiculous, that a man should command their reason to smother itself; they have observed that animals of prey alone are partisans of darkness."

"I cannot approve of your reproachful and misplaced observations. What shocks me more than all

the rest is your outrageous language against the present chief of the catholic religion. If a great number of faults be committed at Rome, the vicar of Jesus Christ is not responsible for them: his ministers err, not he. Pius VII is said to be the model of all the virtues: he loudly condemns intolerance, and an excess of fanaticism, both by his words and actions."

"Why do you not advance," retorted the Japanese, "in support of your assertions on the tolerance of the holy father, the restoration of the Jesuits? It is indeed a great stretch of tolerance, to tolerate these. Why do you not cite the highway robbers of the Ecclesiastical States? The pope not only tolerates them, but almost encourages this sort of industry. A host of Roman Mandrins and Cartouches have obtained pensions and employments, beside a pardon for all their crimes: they may relapse into their former guilt as often as they please without fear of fatiguing the pontifical forbearance. Thus Rome is again become what it was at its origin—an asylum for robbers. But if you persist in maintaining, that his Holiness condemns all excesses of fanaticism, I refer you to the room that precedes the Sixtina chapel; there are three large pictures which will answer for me. Catharine de Medicis, having caused the head of Coligny to be cut off and embalmed, sent it to Gregory XIII. At the reception of this execrable present, the holy father was not satisfied with ordering a solemn procession, to return

thanks for the *happy event* of saint Bartholomew*; he was not satisfied with sending letters to Charles IX, to congratulate him on this atrocious outrage, and to bless this king, polluted with the blood of his subjects; he was not satisfied with causing thousands of masses to be sung, and charging his preachers and writers with the eulogium of this immense massacre; the Vatican was also desirous, that the fine arts should consecrate this catholic carnage, so dear to its heart; he ordered the pencil to retrace the principal scenes of the horrible drama of saint Bartholomew, so that the clergy of Rome, deprived of being present at it in reality, might enjoy an illusory presence of it. Painting obeyed, and dipped its pencils in blood. The first picture represents Coligny, wounded by the arquebuse of the assassin Moreval, and carried into his house: on it is written, *Gaspar Colignius amirallius accepto vulnere domum refertur. Greg. XIII, Pont. Max.* 1572. In the second picture, the admiral is massacred in his palace, with Teligny his son-in-law, and some others; on it are these words: *Cedes Colignii et sociorum ejus.* In the third, the king of France is informed of the murder of Coligny, and testifies his satisfaction at it: *Rex Colignii necem probat.* A group of assassins are seen carrying the unfortunate Coligny in triumph; their ferocious looks appear to reproach death with having released the admiral too soon from his tor-

* The massacre of the Protestants at Paris, on the 24th August, 1572, the night of saint Bartholomew.

ments. At a little distance, other hired assassins are seen, with a cross in one hand and a poniard in the other, rushing on women and children, who are begging for mercy in vain; farther on, in the back ground, a number of assassins are discovered mounting on a heap of dead bodies, to scale the houses of those they want to murder.—When the court of Rome shall be summoned before the tribunal of justice and humanity, as author, or at least as accomplice of this enormous crime, these pictures will appear as terrible accusing witnesses. They will say, 'We have served as an ornament for a chapel of the Vatican for two hundred and fifty years; we have seen twenty-six popes succeed each other, who have all been to glut their sight with the murders which we represent: they have made us, as they have a number of other images, the object of their worship.' What will the partisans of popery answer to this? That the popes, who have succeeded Gregory XIII, have allowed these pictures to exist merely out of deference for their departed brother. This is not a sufficient excuse; for the sovereign pontiffs have made no scruple of revoking, breaking, and annulling the decrees of their predecessors. Has not Pius VII re-established the Jesuits in all their prerogatives, abolished by a solemn bull of Clement XIV? Will they pretend that Pius VII is ignorant of the existence of these pictures? This cannot be; for he is continually passing through the room where they are

placed, and they are of the largest dimensions; besides, this pontiff is prefect of the *holy* Inquisition*, the innumerable eyes of which are ever on the watch. —Yes; the mere existence of these paintings is an indelible proof of the sanction, every day renewed by the court of Rome, of the conduct of those detestable cannibals, authors of that horrible carnage on the night of Saint Bartholomew. This is not all: the pope caused medals to be struck with his effigy; on the reverse, an exterminating angel, armed with a crucifix and a sword, destroying all before him; it has this motto: *Ugonottorum Strages* (Slaughter of the Hugonots).—But at length this proud Babel, which has so long dominated over the palaces of kings, begins to totter; its foundations are shaken, and it must soon fall: it is not the confusion of languages, but the language of reason, which will consummate its ruin. The papal knot, more complex than the Gordian, will be cut by the constitutional sword. Representative government, which is become an imperious necessity for civilized nations, has as irreconcileable an antipathy to the dominion of the tiara as Hercules to Antæus: the one must suffocate the other."

"You are an anti-papist, and I protest against this censurable doctrine, which has caused the Greeks to revolt, formerly so tranquil under the paternal government of the Turks."

* See No. 2, Appendix.

"Yes," replied the Japanese, "paternal after the manner of Saturn!"

"What signifies the manner, when it is employed by a legitimate government, whose conduct is always respectable, and even sacred because it emanates from the Divinity? But the Holy Alliance will cure people of this strange caprice of being governed according to their own will. Are horses to dispute the reins with their conductors?—Your long and tedious dissertation on the defects and maladies of the political body of Rome proves nothing: there are diseases which are necessary: to-day we are unwell, to-morrow in good health; wholesome remedies are found, and with patience the cure is completed."

This discussion conducted us as far as the arch of Titus, the sight of which put an end to it; we both agreed in praising the memory of that good prince: at length we arrived at the Coliseum. The cross erected in the centre of it bears this inscription: *A hundred and one days of indulgence for whoever shall kiss this cross.* My companion was going to exercise his critical wit upon this sentence, when we saw issuing from one of the passages intended for beasts a long file of capuchins, who made the tour of the amphitheatre in procession, stopping before each of the twelve altars erected in this place.

"What!" exclaimed the Japanese with an indiscreet indignation, "there are capuchins in all the monuments of ancient Rome! capuchins in the Ca-

pitol, in the Pantheon! a capuchin in the temple of the Muses near the fountain of Egeria! They might exclaim to us, parodying the words of Marius: *Say, O strangers, that you have seen capuchins sitting on the ruins of the city of the Cæsars.*"

THE LATIN SERMON.

ANCIENT AND MODERN POLICY.—TOLERANCE.

Therefore speak I to them in parables: because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand.

GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW.

I HEARD a Latin sermon in the pope's chapel. I complained to the person sitting next me, that the pronunciation made me lose a number of good things.

"You may console yourself," said he; "a great number of the cardinals lose more than you do."

"How can that be? they appear so attentive and so much affected!"

"That is only for form's sake," replied he: "I will forfeit my head if the greater part of them have understood a single word."

"What! do they expect, that the gift of tongues should descend upon them as it did upon the apostles? You astonish me."

"There are a number of things," answered he, "which it would be necessary to reveal to their eminences. This religious aristocracy does not trouble itself with learning; it leaves this to the needy priests, who are intrusted with tilling and sowing the land of faith; every thing indeed is left to them, except the

produce. The pope chooses cardinals of this stamp on purpose. If the sacred college were more learned, its members would one day or other be inclined to examine into the affairs of government, which would not be very agreeable. In short, they have the most unlimited dispensation from knowledge and intellect; and they make full use of it."

"Is it always the custom," I demanded, "to preach in Latin before the pope?"

"Always," answered he, "it is the etiquette."

"His holiness must laugh at it within himself. It is a satire upon the superior clergy. The preaching is lost upon them."

"This is of no consequence to the orator," returned he: "the monk is paid for preaching, and he preaches. So much the better, or so much the worse, for those who understand him."

ANCIENT AND MODERN POLICY.

Divide that you may reign, is the permanent policy of the Roman pontiffs: unite to govern, was that of the first Roman emperors. Both have proved it in their conduct towards the Greeks. Augustus, after having been a conqueror at Actium, his mind still filled with the spectacle of this land brilliant with the light of the fine arts, meditated in his cabinet the profound design of associating the people of Greece to those of Italy, in demonstrating to them, that they had but one common origin, and that the objects of their

worship were the same. For this end, he directed his most celebrated poets, Ovid and Virgil, to consecrate their brilliant genius to the propagation of this important conviction. At the same time he invited, from the farthermost part of Caria, the young and learned Dionysius of Halicarnassus, whose researches during twenty-two years were employed in consolidating, by historical proofs, the enchanting labours of poetry. What have the popes done? and what are they still doing? It was to no purpose that the translation of the seat of the empire to Constantinople operated a natural union between these two nations: the pontiffs, for some miserable scholastic subtleties, have done their utmost to effect their eternal divorce.

These reflections lead me to inquire what were the institutions and customs of ancient Greece, the practice of which is still preserved at Rome. It is pleasing to trace through past ages this chain, which, uniting itself to the civilization and to the religious and political organization of antiquity, elucidates to us the labyrinth of modern ceremonies and prejudices. The Greeks had a great number of priests; and these, to increase their number, created new gods: at Rome, almost every year, a saint newly promoted demands a new altar, and priests to officiate at it. There a tax was paid to the priests by every new comer into this world, and the same on his quitting it for the other: here the same duty is paid, and in the same manner, in money and in goods. Beside these advantages, the

Greek clergy levied indirect imposts upon the right of sanctuary granted to the temples and sacred woods, in favour of all criminals: the Roman clergy, filled with a holy emulation, have invested the churches and their dependencies with the same privileges. They purified the city of Athens with lustral water once a year, in the month of Thargelion: at Easter the city of Romulus is purified with holy water. In the city of Minerva, the ministers of religion, who were considered the chief members of the state, did not contribute to its wants, although their support absorbed the greater part of the public revenues, and they possessed great riches: in the holy city, the clergy have preserved the same privileges, not for their personal interest, but that the true religion might not be encompassed with less pomp than the pagan religion. The result of these citations, and a thousand others which might be made, is, that all lucrative religious institutions, ceremonies, and practices, have passed the ocean of time from the most distant ages, and have been transmitted from worship to worship, however opposite, to the present day, not only without diminution, but with considerable additions.

RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE.

How can it be accounted for, that in the city which is not the most tolerant in the world, where certificates of communion are exacted from the inhabitants, there exists the most unlimited tolerance for foreigners, even

with respect to all the ceremonies that take place in the open air? It is not at Rome, that the law will attack those who do not ornament their windows on the festival of Corpus Christi; it is not at Rome, that a cross-bearer will oblige you to take off your hat in passing him; they suppose you have your reasons for not uncovering your head, or, what is more probable, they do not pay attention to it. You may be surrounded with processions of all sorts, in the midst of a swarm of monks of all colours, without being obliged to notice them. The noisy retinue of the pope always gives notice of his passage through the streets of Rome; but the consecrated wafer, which contains the real presence, often passes incognito. Alas! do not their motives for this conduct proceed from a calculation of gain? Convinced of the advantage of having foreigners among them, they affect not to see their indifference toward the religious usages of the country, because their concourse supplies the absence of industry.

Whatever profession a person may have followed, although even that of an actor, he may die without the dread, that an audacious priest will shut his church doors against him; he pays a duty on entering, as is customary everywhere else, and receives his passport without farther difficulty. It is true that at Rome, to a thousand other contradictions the clergy do not add that of excommunicating the actors, to whose talents they have paid a tribute for their pleasure. Cardinal Spina, governor of Bologna, has a box at all the

theatres, which he frequents as much as the laity: he would consider it very absurd, to encourage actors by his presence, to doom themselves to eternal misery.

When I told a priest at Rome, that the actors in France were excommunicated, he laughed. "It is as much a trade as any other," said he; "it is not possible; it is contrary to common sense."

"This is precisely the reason why it is possible," answered I.

THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME.

Ove Tullio e Virgilio aprian le labra,
Ove colle non è, che una cantata
Fronte non levi, e non che muro, ed arco
Sasso non trovi, che non goda un uome.

PINDEMONTE.

HE who in viewing the Campagna of Rome does not feel inspired with a pleasing melancholy, and does not experience those soft pangs, that delightful pensiveness, with which this imposing aspect enraptures the soul, is indeed to be pitied! All this immense plain, divested of towns, villages, and rural habitations, but bestrewed with poetical ruins and tombs, where the remains of the old Romans are sleeping; those Appian and Flaminian ways, still paved with the same stones over which rolled the cars of Augustus and Trajan; those long lines of arches, which, stretching themselves across valleys, or descending from the summits of mountains, conducted, from a distance of seventy miles, the most salubrious and abundant waters into the bosom of the capital of the world; those melancholy pines, that, scattered singly here and there, appear to spread a funereal gloom over this land of silence, or, seen in groups, to cast their sympathetic shadows on the temple of the Muses, and the fountain of the legislative nymph; the

Tiber, in its winding bed, with its turbid waters secretly undermining the last arch of an old republican bridge; every thing, in short, in this landscape, touches the heart, elevates the soul, and rouses the imagination. And when the Moon, disengaging itself by degrees from mount Soracte, sheds its pensive light upon the Campagna of Rome, and brightens the distant mausoleums, a person would suppose he saw those ancient children of Roman liberty stalking angrily around their monuments, indignant at having for successors a nation of tonsured helotes.

From the greater part of the Campagna being uncultivated, some have supposed it to be unfruitful. *It refuses to produce*, says a certain romantic writer*, *since it has been the widow of the conquerors of the world, and is no longer trampled under foot by the consuls.* There is real sterility in this insidious observation. Every part of this extensive plain, in the midst of which Rome is situate, offers, on the contrary, every sign of fertility to the geologist. The *solanum* of Linnæus, the trefoil and sainfoin are everywhere in abundance, and furnish the flocks and herds with a rich and nourishing pasturage; the energy of vegetation is such, that the dew of one night suffices to reproduce all the grass consumed during the day. The soil is not ungrateful to the cultivator, but the cultivator to the soil. Theocratical despotism treats the land as it does those

* M. de Chateaubriand.

who inhabit it; it destroys the germes of fecundity, as it does those of knowledge, the fecundity of the mind. No encouragement is given to the cultivator, to whom the monopoly of grain is so fatal. Robust peasants pay for masses to be said, and sing litanies to obtain fair weather or rain, while they are ignorant of the first elements of agriculture. Instead of putting their hands to the spade or the hoe, they dip them in holy water. Go and visit them: you will not find these descendants of Cincinnatus following the plough. The greater part of them do not possess one: they prefer wandering after their flocks, covered with goat-skins, with a rosary in their hand, to opening the bosom of the earth with the share of Triptolemus. Cybele, that mother of mankind, is, like the monks, condemned to celibacy. They castrate the vegetable kingdom, as well as the animal kingdom. If a number of active husbandmen were to be introduced into the Campagna of Rome, they would produce such a metamorphosis, that you would see, around the city of the seven hills, fields more fertile than the plains of Lombardy; and as Minerva issued from the brain of Jupiter in complete armour, so would abundance issue from the bosom of Cybele, crowned with flowers, fruits, and rich crops. The most salutary of revolutions would be accomplished in the environs of Rome: the marshy and stagnant waters, drained and absorbed by cultivation, would no longer corrupt the atmosphere with their unwholesome vapours and mephitic gas. Strangers, who are

driven from the holy city at the approach of summer, by the pestilential air, would be able to breathe it always pure; and the prolongation of their stay would be a source of riches for the country. Several foreigners have submitted plans to the government for rendering the country healthy, the results of which offered prodigious advantages at a very moderate expense. If this beneficent operation were allowed to be done by contract, there is no doubt but thousands would eagerly advance the necessary funds; but the tiara finds it more advantageous to occupy itself with the Jesuits, to impose a concordat on France, and to have laws dictated to it by the brigands. What can be the motives for such strange conduct? Nothing similar to it is to be found in other governments; but theocratical selfishness explains every thing. It dreads agricultural prosperity as it does the developement of the useful arts. These sources of wealth, spreading themselves among the ignorant part of the population, would give them by degrees the facility of obtaining instruction. When men are not occupied in procuring food for the body, they recreate themselves by nourishing the mind; the demon of thought then introduces itself everywhere: this demon is the bugbear of the Vatican. The Pactolus of such a government can only flow through uncultivated fields, inhabited by the poor in spirit.

The soil, however, notwithstanding its being so neglected, is still prodigal of its liberalities. In the en-

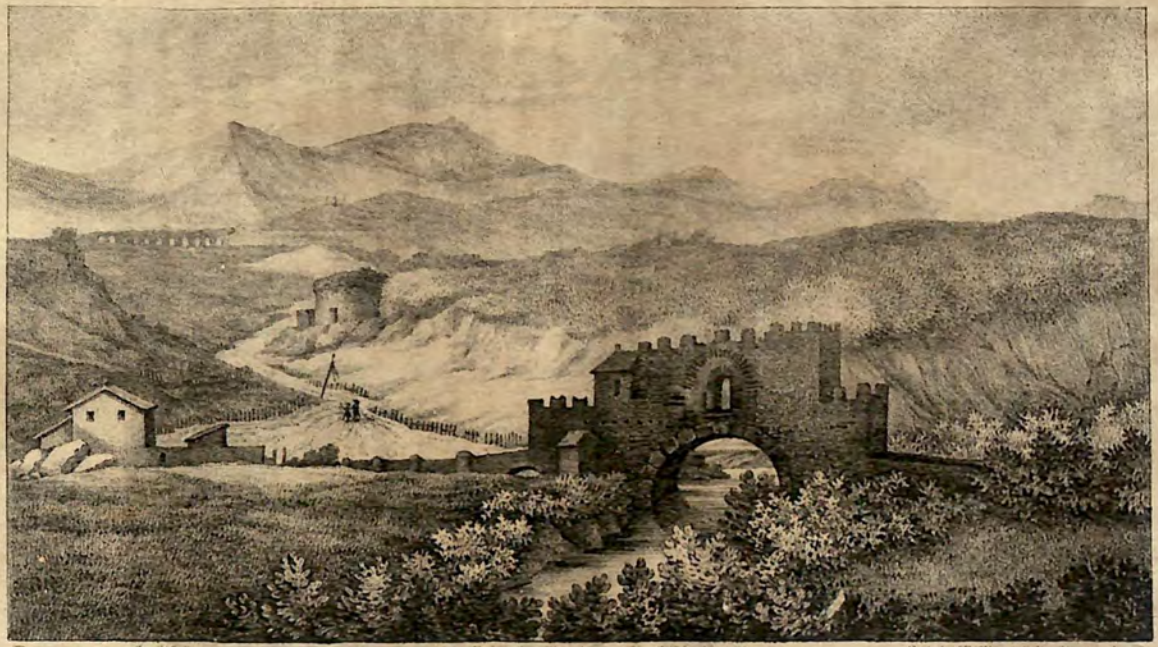
virons of Poli wheat is sown for two or three years in succession on the same land without manure, and is allowed to repose by sowing hemp and flax on it. The harvest takes place in June and July; the corn is trodden out in the open air; when it is separated from the straw, they winnow it in the same place in a sieve suspended between two sticks: thus they receive the gifts of Ceres almost gratuitously. Those of Bacchus cost a little more care and trouble: almost all the manure is reserved for the vines. Slips stuck into the ground take root, and on the second year begin to bear fruit. As soon as they extend their branches for support, they are attached to maple trees. At Naples the vines are still supported by young elms, as in the time of Virgil. The olive tree, which in the south of France does not produce fruit before it is ten years of age, in the environs of Rome will yield after two years, and at the age of six it is in full bearing. Its longevity is equal to that of the oak, if not greater; and an olive tree, which looks quite decrepit, and appears to receive nourishment only by its bark, will produce each year two hundred and forty quarts of oil.

The apple tree, full of sap and vigour, has always shown itself worthy of the eulogium of Horace*. Mulberry trees, for the support of the silk-worm, are in the greatest abundance.

Beside the vegetables found in other parts of Europe,

* . . . . . Et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

there are some peculiar to the Campagna of Rome, so much discredited by insipid descriptions. The pope, seeing corn growing on the edge of the Pontine marshes, thought the whole of them were cultivated: the author of Atala, on seeing some uncultivated lands, concluded that they were all uncultivated and barren. Which of the two is most infallible?



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MONS SACER

TIVOLI.

MONS SACER.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus . . . . .

HORAT.

IF in the vast desert called the Campagna of Rome every thing bear the impression of human genius, nature resumes all its empire in the midst of those high mountains, upon which Tivoli has elevated itself like an eagle's nest.

On arriving at the foot of these mountains, my mind suffered a thousand emotions. I ascended slowly; I felt pleasure at being alone, that I might give an uninterrupted course to my reflections. These are then the scenes which Horace made the Roman Parnassus! They are still worthy of the poet, who appears to brighten them with the rays of his glory, and to fill them even now with the harmony of his song. The soft whispering of the zephyrs seems to be the vibration of the cords of his lyre, gently agitated by the wind; the plaintive notes, that issue from those melodious woods, appear to be the lamentations of his muse at the tomb of Quintilian. Every sound that strikes my

ear seems to reverberate from his harmonious soul. Has he not reposed himself on the banks of that rivulet, where the pine and the poplar delight to interweave their branches, and unite their hospitable shade? Is he not sitting on that rock, cut into seats by nature? He has most certainly entered that rude grotto with its tapestry of moss and ivy; perhaps it was in that place he modulated his delightful ode to Pyrrha.

All was calm around me while I was mounting these Ossas, these Pelions, covered with masses of rock and ancient olive trees. On a sudden I heard a noise, repeated from echo to echo, like thunder rolling and breaking its car among those ragged summits. It was the Anio, swelled by the rains, precipitating itself from gulf to gulf, falling perpendicularly into an abyss under the temple of Vesta, and throwing up clouds of liquid vapour as high as the columns of the edifice. Nothing can be more graceful or more poetic than this temple, presiding majestically over the roaring and fury of this foaming surge, as conscious virtue remains calm amid the torments of life.

I descended by a winding path, eternally drenched by the spray of the cataract, to the lower part of the precipice called Neptune's grotto: there, the echo from the rocks, hollowed and undermined by the rushing of the water, and the noise occasioned by its continual agitation, fills the soul with an agreeable terror. A flock of wild pigeons appeared to feel pleasure in

crossing through the vapour of the cataract, and suspending themselves over this turbulent abyss.

My mind was so entirely absorbed by this spectacle, that I had been there a quarter of an hour before I perceived several English ladies near me: they were dressed in white, with white silk stockings, and adorned like reposing altars at the Corpus Christi procession. Did they suppose, that Neptune's grotto required as elegant a dress as the palace of a prince? However this may be, the deity treated them with very little gallantry, for in a few instants they were as completely drenched as the moss that grew under their feet.

The greater part of Tivoli is built upon the left bank of the Anio. A wooden bridge over the fall of the river leads to the opposite side. In following, for about a mile, the chain of mountains, which shut in the town, and are separated from it by a deep valley in which the Anio has formed its bed, you will find yourself opposite the Cascatelles, which rush down from the height upon which the town arranges itself in the most pleasing and picturesque manner.

These cascades, in the form of an amphitheatre of four stories, fall one upon the other with noise and rapidity; but as the ears and eyes are still filled with the great fall, the cascatelles appear to roll peaceably over the green turf, like broad white ribands upon a green cloth. Here the soul is overwhelmed with most delightful sensations; the sight embraces the collective

beauties of this admirable landscape, in which there is the greatest variety, while every thing is contrasted in a way to charm the eyes and mind at the same time: here, nature addresses herself to the senses and to the soul. Observe those long rows of cypresses, which advance as far as the commencement of the cascatelles: the immobility of their trunks; the silence of their branches, opposed to the movement, to the dashing of the water; the mournful gloom of their foliage, elevating itself in the midst of the tender verdure of the meadows; invite to meditation. Does it not appear, at the sight of those mournful trees, that death is come to plant his ensigns in the midst of the empire of life? In this place every thing brings to my mind the philosophy of Horace: there appears written on the bark of those cypresses the verses, in which he invokes the shade of Archytas.

How rapidly the hours fly when we are absorbed in the contemplation of nature in its primitive beauty! Night now began to draw its curtain before this imposing and delightful landscape. The Sun's disk already touched the waves of the Tyrrhenian sea, and edged the light clouds, white as snow, with a purple fringe. Its last rays were already gliding over Rome, which was seen in the horizon; over that Rome, which pretends to be still in existence, but which has its epitaph engraven on its modern edifices rather than on its ancient monuments.

MONS SACER.

The first day of winter I was on the summit of mount Vesuvius: in the beginning of spring I went up Mount Sacer. On the former, nothing but sterility presented itself to my view; every thing was covered with the vestiges of destruction: on the latter, nature had spread her richest carpet, variegated with innumerable flowers: I felt pleasure, seated in the midst of their perfumes, in meditating on the grand events of which this point of the globe has been the theatre. It was here, that the popular indignation made a more violent eruption than that which tears the entrails of the volcano of Naples: here the human passions, like the lava from Vesuvius, surmounting every obstacle, overturned the ramparts of oligarchical despotism. By the exile of the Tarquins, Rome made a conquest of liberty for the benefit of the patricians: here, by the creation of the tribunes, liberty was conquered for the benefit of the people.

Sicinius Bellutus, with a stamp of his foot on this mountain, made that power issue from it completely armed, which was destined to protect the rights of the people; but, being of too robust a constitution, it often shook the edifice which it ought to have supported.

At length, under the emperors, this same authority was seen passing into their hands, under the denomina-

tion of tribunitial power, without which title they were not reputed legitimate tyrants.

Thus an instrument of security for the people became in the end the instrument of their oppression: thus the useful ploughshare is by civil wars metamorphosed into the homicidial sword.

The murmurs of the Anio, which flows at the foot of Mount Sacer, united to the whispering of the breeze that agitated the shrubs on its banks, appeared to bring to my mind the accents of the first tribunes of the people, when they answered the harangues of the first deputies of the senate. I thought I heard Menennius Agrippa also, who, by an ingenious allegory, found means to calm the tempestuous fury of a revolted people, and who elevated the modest apologue to the height of the most sublime eloquence. The people, already moulded to the yoke, were again going to submit to it; if their defenders had not opposed figures to figures, in displaying before the eyes of the multitude the picture of their past miseries, as a specimen of what they might expect in future. It was then that the famous *veto* was created, by which the people paralysed any act of the senate, and which is used by the kings of the present day against the people as a palladium of despotism.

Coriolanus, when he left Rome, proscribed by the tribunes of the people, shuddered at the sight of this mountain, and darted at it a ferocious look. He in-

voked Nemesis, promising to raise altars to her on the summit of Mount Sacer.

It was in this place also, that the cries of vengeance were heard to burst forth from the people and the army, when the Forum saw the tragical death of Virginia. The decemvirs turned pale at it, and foresaw that tyranny was about to find its tomb near this birth-place of liberty. The people again demanded and obtained their tribunes in the same place where they had elected them for the first time. Thus the death of two women delivered Rome twice from its tyrants.

What a distance of time between us and these events! Mount Sacer itself, pressed down by the weight of ages, is at the present day little more than a rising ground, over which tombs scattered here and there are seen in ruins, which, covered with a thatched roof, resemble bee-hives. In front of me, the monument called the mausoleum of Agrippa reared its head. The principal herdsman had made it his dwelling-place; the subordinate herdsmen lived in tombs without a name. There they eat, sleep, and multiply. These thoughtless beings take their diversions in the midst of the ashes of the Roman consuls: they conspire for life in the empire of death.

The plain, which extends itself at the foot of the Mountain of Liberty, is smiling to the look, and breathes freshness and hope. The verdure of the pastures is interspersed with flocks of sheep, and intersected by the sinuosities of the Anio, which appears,

by its repeated turnings, desirous of remounting towards its source, and to regret the woods and mountains of Tivoli; while thousands of larks over Mons Sacer fill the air with their melody, and tower on high to gild their wings with the first rays of the rising sun.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

AVVISO.

ANNIBALE *del Titolo di S. Maria in Trastevere della S. R. C. Prete* CARD. DELLA GENGA, *della* SANTITA' DI NOSTRO SIGNORE *Vicario Generale, &c.*

IN occasione che SUA SANTITA' ha accordato l'Indulto de' Latticini, o delle Carni, nel Tempo Quaresimale, è stato expressamente vietato dai Nostri Predecessori ogni anno con Editti sotto gravi pene ai Caffettieri, Trattori, Osti, e Chiunque altro che fornisca viveri di somministrare i cibi vietati a chicchesia per colazioni, per cene, fuori di tempo in somma dell' unica Comestione, nella quale soltanto a quelli, che sono obligati al digiuno, è lecito servirsi dell' Indulto: permettendo per quelli, che per salute, o altre cause, non siano obligati al digiuno, di apprestar loro il necessario in Camere separate, e lontane dalla vista di ognuno.

La osservanza di questi Editti è strettamente comandata col presente Avviso, ed i contraventori saranno

irremisibilmente soggetti a subire un Mese di Carcere, o venti cinque colpi di bastone al Cavalletto nella publica Strada avanti le loro rispettive Trattorie, Osterie, Botteghe di Caffè, &c.; e saranno soggetti alla stessa pena, se non terranno affisso in luogo a tutti visibile ne' luoghi, ove danno à mangiare, il presente Avviso.

Dato dalla Nostra Residenza, li 3. di Marzo, 1821.

A. Card. Vicario.

Antonio Argenti Sostituto.

Roma, 1821.

Presso Vicenzo Poggioli Stampatore Camerale.

S. ROMANA, ED UNIVERSALE INQUISIZIONE.

LA SANTITÀ DI NOSTRO SIGNORE, *Prefetto.*

Emo. Sig. Car. Giulio-Maria della Somaglia, *Segretario.*

Emi. di Pietro, Pacca, Galeffi. Brancadoro, Gabrielli, Casselli, Opizzioni, della Genga, Di Gregorio, Fontana, Consalvi.

RMI. CONSULTORI.

Monsigg. Francesco Bertazzoli, Arciv. di Edessa. Candido-Maria Frattini, Arciv. di Filippi. Pietro Caprano, Arciv. d'Iconio.

P. M. Filippo Anfossi, Maestro del Sagro Palazzo Apostolico.

P. M. Benedetto-Maurizio Olivieri, dell' Ordine de' Predicatori, *Commissario.*

P. M. Pio-Maurizio Viviani, Pro-Vicario Generale, è Proc. de' Predicatori.

P. M. Jacopo Belli, ex-Proc. Generale de' Minori Conventuali.

P. Michelangelo Toni, Generale de' Chierici Regolari Ministri dgl' Infermi.

P. Arcangelo dell' Assunta, Carmelitano Scalzo.

P. Ab. D. Mauro Cappellari, Proc. Generale de' Camaldolesi.

P. Vincenzo di Massa, Commissario Generale de' Minori Osservanti.

P. Pacifico Deani da Brescia, de' Minori Osservanti.

P. Antonmaria Grandi, Proc. de' Barnabiti.

P. Giuseppe-Maria da Pescia de' Minori Cappucini.

P. M. Raimondo Angelini, dell' Ordine de' Predicatori, *primo Compagno.*

Sigg. Gianfrancesco Avv. Libert, *Fiscale.*

Leandro Avv. Ciuffa, *Coadiutore con futura successione.*

Felice Avv. Recalcati, *Avvocato de' Rei.*

Angelo Buglioni, *Sommista.*

Camillo Avv. Benzi, *Giudice Relatore delle Cause Criminali profane.*

Camillo Sparziani, *Capo Notajo.*

RMI. QUALIFICATORI.

Monsig. Camillo Kubbi.

P. M. Antonio Tacchini, Proc. Gen. de' Minori Conventuali.

Sig. D. Paolo Canonico Polidori.

P. Giambattista Piccadori, Vic. Gen. de' Chierici Minori.

Sig. D. Pietro Ostini.

La Cancelleria di questa Congregazione è attualmente nel Convento di Santa Maria sopra Minerva.

Roma, Nella Stamperia Cracas. Con Approv. e Privilegio Pontificio.

THE

DEFENCE

OF

M. DE SANTO-DOMINGO,

AUTHOR OF THE ROMAN TABLETS,

BEFORE THE COUR ROYALE,

UPON SOLEMN HEARING.

Ah! quittons ce Paris, dont l'aspect m'importune;
Où l'honneur a toujours guerre avec la fortune;
Où le vice orgueilleux s'érige en souverain,
Et va, la mître en tête, et la crosse à la main!

BOILEAU.

THE DEFENCE

OF

M. DE SANTO-DOMINGO *.

WHENCE proceeds this secret emotion which I suffer in your presence? Ought not the being without reproach to suffice for appearing here without fear? Shall I attribute my agitation to the situation, as unusual as it is unexpected, in which I find myself? Accustomed to the cultivation of letters in silence and obscurity, I cannot, with indifference, see myself thus exposed to public view, and occupying your grave and important functions with my personal concerns.

But why have I dared, notwithstanding the insufficiency of my talents, to undertake my own defence, surrounded, as I am, by a crowd of eloquent orators who adorn the bar of Paris? I have done so, that I may give you the most circumstantial details respecting my principles and conduct; that I may disclose to you

* The author of the *Roman Tablets* was prosecuted (as is generally supposed) at the solicitation of the pope's nuncio at Paris. The work was suppressed, and the author of it fined and imprisoned: he pleaded his cause himself, and his able defence was received by the public with the most flattering marks of approbation.

my most intimate thoughts, which no interpreter could do. I would rather the goodness of my cause should be injured by a want of art and address, than my character by a want of sincerity.

Besides, gentlemen, I trust that you will assist my inexperience. Deign to be at the same time my counsel and my judges. The recollection of the protecting and independent power with which you are invested inspires me with more confidence; and if some remains of timidity allow me to discern the severe attributes of justice, your indulgent equity holds out to me its balance.

I must in the first place, gentlemen, explain to you my motives for publishing the *Roman Tablets*. Do not for a moment suppose, that the puerile vanity of authorship had any influence on me! At a time when the rage for writing has seized upon all ranks of society; when there is no brainless head, that does not outrage the useful art of printing by its ridiculous productions; a person who listened to the counsels of prudence would certainly be induced to bury his works in obscurity, through fear of seeing them swallowed up by the torrent of bad taste, with which literature is inundated. To triumph over this just repugnance at giving publicity to his observations, a man should be well convinced, that they will be of general utility: this I acknowledge was my conviction.

Eager to acquire that sort of instruction which is to be gained by travelling, I visited the country of Virgil and of Cicero. What did I see in the environs of

Rome? A land uncultivated, though exhibiting all the signs of fertility; its inhabitants covered with the rags of indigence, numerous hordes of robbers, ransoming or assassinating both foreigners and natives. Within the walls of the city I sought religion: I found only monks.

"I demanded of the citizens, what were their philanthropic institutions useful to industry and labour: they answered me by enumerating their convents and friars, who devour the substance of the people.

The more I advanced in my investigations, the more I appeared to sink into the barbarism of those rude ages in which a few individuals preyed on the rest of the human species. I wondered how the people of Rome, surrounded by the progressive movement of all other nations toward social improvement, were withheld by the curb of superstition, and had not dared to pass the barriers, that separated them from civilization.

Being shortly afterward admitted to the intimacy of some men in power, what was my surprise at discovering, from their conversation, the hope of reviving, even in the present day, the usurping pretensions of the court of Rome; the hope of again moulding kingdoms to their yoke, of outraging the majesty of kings by bulls, excommunications, and interdicts; the hope, in short, of awakening that theocratical ambition, which has lain dormant within the walls of the Vatican since the time of Clement XIV!

The extravagance of such projects excited in me a

smile of pity: they remained, however, in my memory. Three years are gone by, and each year my surprise has been increased at seeing on all sides the foundations laying of that Babel, the reedification of which had appeared to me the greatest chimera.

My fears augmented daily; and I was convinced that I should be rendering a service to that community, of which I form a part, in warning them of the peril, that appeared to menace them. If this danger be real, I deserve praise; if it be only an illusion, I am no more reprehensible, than a sentinel on an advanced post would be, who gives a false alarm by crying out, *Who goes there?*

Such has been my only motive for publishing the *Roman Tablets.* If I had aspired merely to the frivolous advantage of being read, this book would have been published long ago. I did not allow it to appear, until I presumed it might serve as a beacon. Several booksellers have been selling it for the last two months. The first edition was nearly exhausted, when on a sudden I was told it had been seized; I was informed also, that I was accused of disrespect toward the established religion.

What! said I, do I resemble a number of authors, whose style disguises their ideas? But I perceived, in the course of my examination before the *Juge d'Instruction,* that I was treated with extreme rigour. Sometimes a single phrase was taken out of a sentence that modified its import, and attacked separately;

sometimes whole passages were mutilated. What book hacked and tortured in this way could resist the severity of interpretation? The most orthodox and moral work, if made to undergo this inquisitorial examination, would be quite surprised at finding itself impious and corrupt. A cardinal minister knew to what lengths such a mode of proceeding might be carried, when he said, *Give me three lines, no matter by whom written, I will undertake to find in them what shall hang their author.* A learned theologian asserted, that there was heresy in each phrase of the Lord's Prayer; and his arguments were specious.

We are obliged to acknowledge, that human language is still very imperfect: we want signs to paint the modifications of our thoughts; words are often but the unfaithful interpreters of our minds; their association in a phrase does not suffice to exhibit the different shades of our sentiments; the signification of phrases must be considered in the relation they bear to each other, and lending each other, as it were, a mutual support.

You know, gentlemen, that every work requires to be judged in a particular manner. A book like that of Larochefoucault may be very well appreciated by detached phrases, because each maxim is independent of that which follows it, and is complete in itself. It is not so with other works: a great number of pages must be examined, to find the complement of the author's idea. Thus the *Tablets* require the greatest

latitude of examination, because they were written under the impression of the places and events, and for this reason excited in me a stronger movement of indignation. If at times a strong expression have fallen from my pen, the effect of it is extenuated by the general feeling with which I was animated, and which it will be very easy to justify, as I was inspired by the love of religion, of justice, of humanity, and of my country.

Did I not hear a voice summoning me to declare by whom the liberties of the Gallican church are menaced?

A religious order was driven from France in 1549 as accomplice in the parricide committed by John Châtel; the good Henry IV, in his edict, expressed himself as follows: "The Jesuits are the enemies of the state and of the crown of France, the corruptors of youth, and the perturbators of public tranquillity." They were suppressed in 1762 by a decree of the parliament of Paris, in which act the most ample reasons were given. This decree contained all the ignominious condemnations which these monks have received in all the tribunals of the Christian world, and a nomenclature, still more ignominious, of the qualifications with which they have been branded. I shall not unfold this long concatenation of conspiracies, outrages, and crimes, unheard of before their time, of which this order has been judicially convicted; I shall not invoke, as witnesses, the gory shades of so many murdered sove-

reigns: such a picture would not be necessary for the defence of my cause. My voice would never have troubled these monks in their tombs, if they had consented not to issue from them. This is not a prosopopœia: the spirit that animated this order is risen with it, without suffering any diminution; one of the fundamental principles of the institution is an unreserved submission, an unlimited and exclusive obedience, to the designs and orders of the court of Rome. It is this vow of absolute devotedness to the holy see, that wounds to the heart the liberties of every country into which this order finds its way; and its duty is, to introduce itself every where. But how do I know, that the Jesuits have penetrated into France? Before it was known here as an open and undeniable fact, I had been informed of it at Rome, where the chiefs of the order are more disposed to boast of their successes in France, than to make a mystery of them. These wandering monks, are they Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen? No, they are Papists: they will undertake to plunge a dagger into the bosom of their mother country, at the least signal from the telegraph of Saint Peter's: their chief may be deemed another *old man of the mountain*. I only repeat in milder terms the decree of the parliament of Paris, which declared, that it expelled them from France as a fanatical and impious sect, corruptors of the people, regicides, &c., commanded by a foreign chief, and Machiavelists from principle. How many proofs have confirmed the

truth of this sentence! As counsellors of kings they betrayed them, as Daubenton betrayed Philip V; as subjects they conducted the inhabitants of Paraguay in battle array against their legitimate sovereigns; and, while confessors in Europe to the kings of Spain and Portugal, they made war against them in America.

In whatever way my expressions relative to the order of Jesuits may be received outside these doors, they cannot but be received with favour by my judges, as they are dictated by a respect for judgments already given. Have I not established, in a manner not to be confuted, that the reappearance of this order is prejudicial to the liberties of the Gallican church? It was not then without foundation, that I believed these liberties menaced. If I have committed a personal imprudence in pointing them out to public opinion, I have at least fulfilled a national duty.

Is it possible, that in combating in favour of the church of my country I can have offended true religion, that child of Heaven, which descended upon this Earth to console mortals, to develope in their hearts the germes of the most excellent virtues, and to unite them with the ties of divine fraternity? No, gentlemen, such could not have been, has not been, and never will be, my intention.

But, say they, your criticisms are addressed to the religion of Rome; and you ought to know, that the Catholic, Apostolic, and Romish religion is the religion

of the state: I know it, and I have never forgotten it. You see, gentlemen, I enter frankly upon one of the strongest accusations directed against me.

What sense is it natural to attach to this title of *Romish*, which is given to the Catholic and Apostolic religion? I understand by this qualification an honorary title, by which homage is rendered to the precedency, or even the preeminence of the church of Rome, as the cradle and centre of Christianity, and as having had for its first bishop the first of the apostles: it was in that city, that the blood of the martyrs, which has cemented the religion of Jesus Christ, flowed in the greatest abundance: it was then very natural, that, through a sentiment of gratitude, the denomination of Romish should be added to the Apostolic religion.

According to my definition, the qualification of Romish is immutable, since it is founded on an historical and hierarchical fact; it would have nothing stable in it, on the contrary, if it were applied successively to all the particulars of the worship practised at Rome; and in no catholic country is this truth more forcibly felt than in France, where the exemptions, upon which are founded the liberties of the Gallican church, were long ago established, and which we are daily defending against the pretensions of the tiara.

Do you wish for an example of it? At the time of the great occidental schism, when three popes disputed the keys sword in hand, it was not the pope who held

the papacy at Rome that solved theological questions: the decision of œcumenical councils was necessary.

Thus the religion of Rome, such as I have defined it, while a number of its practices are in opposition to the doctrines of the apostles, may be assailed without offering the smallest disrespect to the Catholic, Apostolic, and Romish religion.

I have not made the slightest attack on the religion of the state, which is not entitled the religion of Rome, but the Catholic, Apostolic, and Romish religion: it must have this triple attribute, this triple character. I request, gentlemen, you will also observe, that in my book I have never once articulated the word *Romish religion.* From motives of delicacy I have respected one of the inalienable epithets of the religion of the state.

But, even if I had censured the Romish religion, in reproaching it with being merely Romish, and not sufficiently Apostolic, I should no more have wounded the religion of the state, than I should injure the constitutional royalty by reasoning against absolute royalty.

I already feel an alleviation of the anxiety, which this persecution has occasioned me, persuaded that my explanations will obviate all the false interpretations that might be given to my work; which, leaving no pretext for slander, cannot fall under the application of our penal laws.

If I be asked what I find deserving of blame in the religion of Rome, I answer, that nothing can be more explicit on this subject than my book. I answer, that it has not been my intention to interfere in the least either with dogmas or doctrines. A traveller observes facts: cast your eyes, gentlemen, over the preface of the *Roman Tablets*, which is, I may say, a summary of the whole work. It must appear evident to you, that it has been my design to censure only the practical abuses of the religion of Rome. And what abuses! Torture inflicted upon those, who do not observe the fast during Lent; forced and venal conversions, renewed every year at fixed periods, when a few Jews, for a sum of money, submit to be baptised, and to receive the communion, as a spectacle for the people; spiritual absolutions and indulgences lavished upon robbers, who consent to suspend the career of their assassinations: shameful abuses of the sacraments—abuses which render hypocrisy and robbery a sort of industry and commercial speculation. But why have I imputed all these disorders and vices to the religion instead of the government of Rome? I have allotted to each its respective part. But spiritual measures, such as sacraments and indulgences, which belong exclusively to practical worship, cannot be attributed to the political government. It is evidently the exercise of the papal authority, distinct from the sovereign power.

There are those who cry out: why did you take

upon yourself to be the reformer of the abuses of a foreign country? Why! because when I recollected, that France owes the abolition of torture to the prudent humanity of Louis XVI, it grieved me to see it inflicted at Rome in the name of religion. I committed my indignation to paper; for lack of paper, I should have made use of the satirical reeds of the poet, to proclaim to men the unheard of cruelties, with which their fellow-creatures are oppressed, in a country where the greatest philanthropy ought to reign; and to convince them, that this Rome, that wishes to impose its yoke upon other nations, is itself suffering the most hideous yoke of barbarism.

My conscience tells me, even at this moment, that, far from having committed the smallest crime, I have only fulfilled a duty of humanity.

I think, gentlemen, that, with respect to my reproaches against the religion of Rome, I have sufficiently justified what I have said. It remains for me to defend the manner in which I have said it.

(Here the Attorney-general made his reply, and ran over a long series of criminated articles; among other grievances, he reproached the accused with having said, in speaking of the Redeemer, *the Son of Man*, and not *the Son of God*. The author of *the Roman Tablets* proved, by several quotations, that this expression, *the Son of Man*, was familiar to the four evangelical authors; he also invalidated the other charges.)

SECOND PART.

I acknowledge, that there prevails in the *Roman Tablets* a tone of pungent irony; sometimes it is even harassing and bitter. Some are of opinion, that such important matters required a more serious and grave style.

I am far from pretending to have clothed my thoughts in the most suitable diction. Only the great masters in the art of writing are acquainted with the best chosen alliance between language and sentiments. The ancients, however, frequently made use of irony on the most serious subjects: Horace thus forcibly recommends it:

Ridiculum acri
Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque secat res.

Pascal composed his *Provinciales* in a strain of perpetual irony; they against whom they were directed are best able to judge whether they failed to attain their object on this account. La Bruyère followed the same method; and the piercing shafts from his quiver frequently wounded to the heart the eccentricities and vices of society. To terminate this list with the name of Montesquieu, is to give an idea of the boldest and severest use, that may be made of irony on serious subjects. I was then authorised by the example of these great writers, to employ the darts of ridicule, in attacking the abuses of the Roman court,

and some individuals, who are themselves abuses personified.

Throughout the *Roman Tablets* I have never ceased to raise my voice in favour of virtue, and all the principles of sound morality; even the government of Rome has received praise where it was due.

My hostilities have been directed only against superstition, that real scourge of a religious mind. The Gospel is my guide; I have every where held it up to veneration. My enthusiasm for this code of divine wisdom, an enthusiasm which is manifest from the first to the last page of my work, bars all suspicion of my having had an intention of throwing the smallest slur upon religious morality. The evangelical maxims quoted in my book will serve as a protection to it. Strengthened by this confidence, I shall now proceed to refute the charges against different passages.

I am reproached with having made some remarks, page 14, on the missions in France. They are very slight; but, as I have pledged myself not to conceal any of my motives for what I have written, I feel it incumbent on me to declare, that missions in a Catholic country excite my suspicion, because Jesuits were the inventors of them. The Jesuit Aubert, for instance, in a mission at Colmar, compelled the attorney-general of the sovereign council, to burn at his feet the works of Bayle. I consider this system of preaching as an illegal attack on the rights of the

bishops and clergy, and injurious to religion and the tranquillity of families; and without entering into a superfluous controversy, I shall add, that on this subject I only participate in the opinion of the most monarchical men in France; among whom I shall quote the count de Montlosier, a man estimable for his virtues, piety, and attachment to the legitimate dynasty. The following is an extract from the work he has just published.

On the Religious Views of the present Day, &c.

"At a time like the present, in which there is so much mistrust, and knowledge is become so general, hypocrisy is almost useless; besides it is a vice. It is known at the present day, nay, it is manifest, that a party swayed by certain political principles has formed a design of giving a clergy to the community, that they may in the end give the community to the clergy. By this we may appreciate the efforts, which are made on one hand by means of the missionaries, to dominate and subdue the present generation; on the other, by confiding education to monks, to make itself master of future generations," &c.

"Are you desirous of establishing religion and morality? dismiss your Jesuits and your friars."

In several other passages, M. de Montlosier raises his voice against the Jesuits and missionaries with the most virtuous vehemence.

If this worthy royalist, whose talents and ideas are

ripened by age and experience, have expressed similar fears, can I be accused of having felt a panic terror?

I am also accused of having spoken, in several parts of my book, with irreverence of the ministers of religion. It is unnecessary to observe, that there is a great distinction to be made between religion and its ministers, and between ministers and ministers. Yes, gentlemen, I have censured the Roman priests on a number of accounts; but it is impossible to make even an indirect application of my criticisms to the French clergy: their conduct and manners are too much in opposition with those of the priests of Italy. It will be said, perhaps, for I intend here to be my greatest accuser, it will be said, that I have directed some of my reproaches against Pius VII; but how long has it been forbidden to blame the sovereign pontiffs? The most orthodox works, and precisely because they were orthodox, have exclaimed against the abuses, which too many popes have made of their power; the pages of history are blackened with the invectives, that have been directed against them. Will it be no longer allowed, to censure the disordinate ambition of Gregory VII, who made a footstool of the throne of the emperor Henry IV, and inflicted the most ignominious and cruel penance on this monarch? Will it be no longer permitted, to disapprove of the furious and sanguinary wars of the priesthood against the empire? Will it be no longer permitted, to detest the crimes and incests of pope Alexander VII? Will

it be no longer permitted .....? But here I must pause ..... history does not.

I reserve my veneration for the sovereign pontiffs, worthy successors of the apostles, heroic confessors of the primitive church, and even those of modern times, for a Saint Leo, a Clement XIV, for all those, who have not profaned religion by making it subservient to their political purposes; for all those, who have not absolved subjects from the fidelity they owe to their legitimate sovereigns; for all those, who have given unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's. But have I any grounds for reproaching Pius VII with his neglect of those duties, the precept and example of which were bequeathed to him by the God whom he represents on Earth? I never heard, that Boileau was obliged to authenticate the following verses against an archbishop:

Ah! quittons ce Paris dont l'aspect m'importune;
Où l'honneur a toujours guerre avec la fortune;
Où le vice orgueilleux s'erige en souverain,
Et va, la mître en tête et la crosse à la main.

But the times are changed, and I am called on to prove, that it was with justice I qualified Pius VII with the title of Anti-Christ. Let facts speak for me.

There was a time, when the people committed crimes to vindicate their wrongs. Those long revolutionary throes gave birth to a prodigious man: with an audacious hand he snatched the royal crown, that had been left at the foot of a scaffold; he led forth our valiant armies, which, deceived by the illusion of glory,

achieved for their leader the conquest of the world, and, for France, the conquest of slavery; while the heir to the throne of Henry IV traced in exile the solemn pact of our public liberties. The modern Gengis Khan comprehended immediately, that a consecrated diadem could alone conceal the signature of usurpation stamped on his forehead. Pius VII sullied his pontifical hands with this Machiavelian act; He sacrificed misfortune to power; and, while Louis XVIII protested in the name of eternal justice against this invasion of his throne, Pius VII sanctioned it in the name of Heaven. Thus he absolved the French people from their ancient fidelity to the Bourbons; he legitimated illegitimacy; and, by discouraging generous minds, he not only retarded the blessings of the restoration, but, if it had depended on him, we should for ever have been deprived of them.

Is not this conduct diametrically opposite to that of Jesus Christ? The pope then in this respect has been an anti-christ, which signifies opposed to Christ. The coronation was illegal; what then, if it established by a new example, that, in the nineteenth century, the court of Rome could make and unmake kings? It is a precedent, which on occasion might be invoked with success.

Even, gentlemen, if my attachment to legitimate royalty, and my zeal for the Gallican liberties, had carried me some length, might not a few errors be pardoned on account of those sentiments, which, I

doubt not, exist in the bosom of my judges as well as in my own? If I were at Rome, they might throw me into the dungeons of the Inquisition; but no tribunal would dare to judge me publicly, because I should have truth and public opinion for my advocates.

But it appears, that I have afflicted the faithful, in presenting to them a scandalous picture of the state of the sanctuary at Rome. A painting still more frightful than mine has been made by saint Cyprian, in his book entitled the *Fallen*.

"Every priest," says he, "runs after riches and honours with an insatiable fury; the bishops are without religion, the women without modesty; knavery predominates; they swear and forswear themselves; the Christians are divided by animosities; the bishops abandon their pulpits to run to fairs, that they may enrich themselves by traffic; in short, we give satisfaction only to ourselves, and dissatisfaction to all the world."

The Gospel says: "The time will come when we shall see the abomination of desolation stand in the holy place," &c. What I have said accords then with the prophecies.

But I have made a jest of the miracles that are every day performing at Rome. True, I have, because I look upon them as false miracles.

The Gospel says, that the prodigies operated by Jesus Christ and his apostles were sufficient for the

establishment of the religion. I have then sufficient authority for not admitting any new ones; besides, I think, that, even for the interest of religion, too much ridicule cannot be thrown on what might make truth ridiculous. They who pretend, that attacking the abuses of religion is attacking religion itself, are in reality those who do it the greatest injury. Has any one ever been offended at the following historical jest?

De par le roi, défense à Dieu
D'opérer miracle en ce lieu.

My jests are more innocent even than this.

But in the chapters on the Jesuits I have also ridiculed the miracles and saints of their fabrication. Why have not these chapters been criminated? I submit this observation to the wisdom of the court.

How can I have attacked the religion of the state, and religious morality, in reproaching the court of Rome with having no object in its religious ceremonies but that of exhibiting religious spectacles to the multitude, as it would amuse them with worldly pageantry? The desire I have expressed of seeing religion honoured with august ceremonies, which occupy the heart rather than the eyes, is a proof of my respect for it.

But why should we exaggerate our scruples? Thanks to the paternal sceptre of the Bourbons, we are enjoying profound peace; every branch of industry and public prosperity is in the most flattering condi-

tion. Let us beware of troubling this calm by theological quarrels: while the sword of political broils reposes quietly in its scabbard, let us not endeavour to draw that of religion.

Let us not return back to those ages, in which men's minds were tormented with frivolous scholastic subtleties. The true religion, revealed to us by the Holy Scriptures, is confirmed to us by an interior sentiment of our duties: consolatory and mild, it is as easy to the understanding as respiration to a man in health. Let us not imitate those, who by exaggerating their religious duties aim at being better Christians than Jesus Christ himself.

For a great number of years no prosecution has been entered against any one for irreligion; I have opened the way: now accusations of this nature will succeed each other with rapidity. Before long your time will be entirely occupied in trials of this sort. Solicitors will find this an economical method of showing their attachment to the altar and the throne, that is, to certain ministers of the throne and the altar; thus gaining, at a small expense, the reputation of devotion, then of devotedness; so as to get first a place, and afterward preferment. But those men, on the contrary, of unshaken virtue, who repel such inculpations, run the risk of being deprived of the protecting smile of a minister, who wishes to conceal the enormous abuses of his power under the veil of piety. This idol of a day would be glad to furnish the tribunals with

prosecutions against irreligion, that, in occupying themselves with heavenly concerns, they may forget their earthly interests: on all sides people are enrolled for the purposes of accusing others of impiety and deism, and who shortly summon you to render unto God that which is due to him, that they may hinder the king and nation from perceiving, that they do not receive what is due to them. Let us open the pages of history, we shall there see, that no greater zeal was ever displayed for religion, than when it was intended to sap the foundations of the throne and of public liberty. What religious conspiracies were not planned by Mayenne and the League, by the pope's legate, and by the pope himself, to deprive Henry IV of his hereditary crown! If, instead of his sword, he had only the assistance of those people, who made a parade of the most religious sentiments, to conquer his rights, we should not have been governed at the present day by his august descendant.

In the midst of this deluge of corruption, venality, and dilapidation, which inundates France, our only hope for safety is in the ark of judiciary power. All eyes are fixed upon it, bathed in tears, and appear to conjure it to redouble its efforts; for the danger is close at hand. The symptoms, which menace the future, are visible to those who have the least perception: events much more eloquent than words denounce on all sides the great conspiracy against the Gallican church. This conspiracy, the extremity of the threads

of which I saw attached to saint Peter's at Rome; this conspiracy, which I have disclosed in the *Roman Tablets*—this conspiracy is in activity, it increases, approaches, and is about to envelope us. From the height of the national tribunal a venerable solicitor-general has answered my cries of alarm; and an episcopal letter does not permit the most sceptical minds any longer to doubt it. I said it before M. Bourdeau, and I repeat it after him; *with the Jesuits the liberties of the Gallican church cannot exist*;—this is an inevitable consequence.

Yes, Jesuitism is injecting itself subtilely into all the veins of the social body. Look around you! endeavour to find among relations and friends the tender effusions of the mind and heart. In social intercourse, constraint and dissimulation have succeeded ingenuous confidence; people observe each other with suspicious inquietude; the national character has everywhere put on a mask. Whenever three persons find themselves together, they shudder, dreading lest there should be a Jesuit among them.

We are to have the Jesuits! Just Heaven, what an acquisition! The attorney-general says he does not see, that our liberties are in danger: let him read a late work of M. Le Mestre, entitled *The Pope*; there he will see prodigies of audacity against royalty. I shall quote to the court the model of the petition, which subjects are to present to the pope to depose their sovereigns.

Extract from the book entitled "The Pope."

"Most Holy Father! in the midst of the most bitter affliction, and most cruel anxiety that faithful subjects can suffer, we cannot imagine any thing better, than to throw ourselves into the paternal arms of your Holiness, and invoke your supreme justice to save a disconsolate empire, if it be not too late.

"The sovereign who governs us, most holy father! reigns but for our perdition. We do not dispute his virtues, but they are useless to us; and his errors are of such a nature, that, if your Holiness do not stretch forth your hand, we have no longer any hope of safety." *(Here follow the charges.)*

"In short, most holy father! it rests only with your Holiness to convince yourself, that the nation being irrevocably alienated from the dynasty which governs it, this family, proscribed by universal opinion, ought to be removed for the public safety, which should be attended to before every other consideration.

"Nevertheless, most holy father! God forbid, that we should confide in our own judgments in this portentous affair! We know, that kings have no temporal judges, particularly among their own subjects, and that royal majesty is held only from God. It is to you, then, most holy father! it is to you, as representative of his Son upon Earth, it is to you we address our supplications, that you may vouchsafe to absolve us from the oath of fidelity, that attaches us to the royal

family which governs us, and to transfer to another family those rights, which the present possessor cannot retain but for his misery and ours."

These are the books which are allowed to circulate freely in France! Ought I to be astonished at the *Roman Tablets* having been seized, the principles of which are diametrically opposite?

France, scarcely recovered from revolutionary terror, was seized with a belligerent terror, to become in a short time a prey to monkish terror. This expression is not hyperbolical; can I give any other term to this state of torpor and perpetual alarm which has taken hold of society? Can I give any other term to the dreadful situation of so many individuals, who, to preserve the places by which they exist, are obliged to join themselves to this terrible order, that raises its audacious head in spite of the sword of justice with which it has been smitten? In Spain, men of the greatest consequence made themselves members of the holy Inquisition, that they might not become its victims. It is the same in France; to be spared by Jesuitism, it is necessary to become a member of it; and, according to the received expression, a man must be a short-robed Jesuit. On this condition alone can a person expect to occupy to-morrow the place he possesses to-day. The wretched father of a family is placed between shame and hunger; he must either live with the one or die by the other. Society is so convinced of the force of the Jesuitical power, that

people attribute to it an influence, which it has not, which it cannot have. I feel myself bound to tell the court the whole truth: the day will arrive perhaps, when it will only be permitted to be told here; and perhaps to obtain this advantage people will be reduced to desire a prosecution. No; I will reserve nothing on my mind. When I was directed to prepare for my trial, a thousand voices told me, "You will be condemned; you are prosecuted by the Jesuits." "And what matters it to me," answered I, "that the Jesuits are my prosecutors? they will not be my judges, but an independent power, which inherits the energy and virtues of that parliament, which relieved the Earth from the children of Loyola, by reducing them to nothing." My confidence was so firm, that I neglected almost all my means of defence before the first tribunal by which I was tried; it is to this fault, without doubt, that I ought to attribute the judgment pronounced against me. The same persons who had predicted my first judgment advised me to submit to it immediately. "In appealing," said they, "you will commit the greatest imprudence—a severer punishment awaits you: five years imprisonment may be inflicted, which will be death to you." I called to my mind that beautiful ode of Horace, which commences with these words:

Justum et tenacem propositi virum.....

I have appealed to the *Cour Royale:* I place entire confidence in it, and my confidence will not deceive me.

Gentlemen! your virtues, your superior knowledge and understanding, have placed you in that dignified situation, whence you judge society; what pledges of security for me! You have not forgotten those disastrous times, in which the people, intoxicated with a false zeal for religion, shed each other's blood, in which, according to the expression of Boileau, brothers plunged *a catholic dagger* into their brother's bosom. These religious persecutions were comparatively trivial in the beginning: they commenced with a prison, and ended on the scaffold. Beware of encouraging hypocrisy, that bane of integrity! and of furnishing a fulcrum to the lever of fanaticism, which is always disposed to agitate the world. To day this fanaticism attacks the subject, to morrow it may attack kings. Above all, beware of affording to malevolence a pretext for saying, that there is an intention to revive the law against suspected persons in matters of religion, which is so fatal to the friends of the throne; in short, beware of afflicting the mind of our new monarch, who declared himself, by his first royal words, the protector of public liberty, and consequently of the Gallican liberties. He has restored to us the right of thinking; do not show yourselves too severe against the exercise of this right. Will you allow a reign, which announces itself under such happy auspices, to be troubled at its dawn by similar condemnations? Yesterday the king made his public entry into Paris: before you chastise in his name, wait till we have forgotten the smile of love and

hope with which public enthusiasm received him. Every thing presages, that Charles X will be the worthy inheritor of the sceptre of Henry IV, and of the sceptre of saint Louis, who opposed with so much energy the encroachments of the Roman court. Let us then love in liberty this prince, who promises us so much happiness. The faculty of loving is badly exercised in a prison.

Every thing serves to convince me, gentlemen, that you have in your hearts the desire of proclaiming the innocence of him, who now appears before you. I think I have furnished you with all the means for so doing. I await with a respectful confidence the judgment, which you are about to pronounce. If paternity were formerly the first of magistracies, let the magistracy become this day a second paternity.

THE END.

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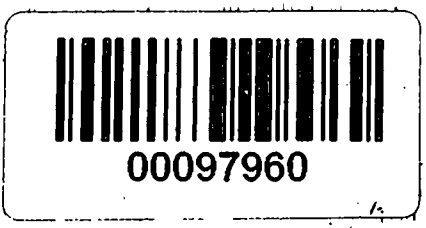
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